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Who weekly

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Clockwise from above: Ashley Judd, Nicole Kidman, Tom Cruise, Charlize Theron and Hilary Swank

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Who weekly

April 10, 2000 • No. 424

InsideScoop **Bruce Willis** drops in to visit his *Friends*. Plus, **Bruce Springsteen** strums in *High Fidelity*, **Sandra Bullock** goes into rehab in the name of research and **Yusuf Islam** (aka **Cat Stevens**) sings out against declining morals in English schools. **17**

OSCARS 2000 **What a beauty!**
It was a night of simple and elegant glamour, as retro inspiration, some recycling and long black dresses prevailed at the 72nd annual **Academy Awards.** **28**

LIFE & STYLE SPECIAL **Seven decades of Oscar fashion**
Who wore what and when? Over 18 pages, we revisit the stars' **past Oscar looks**—and they're anything but forgettable. **51**

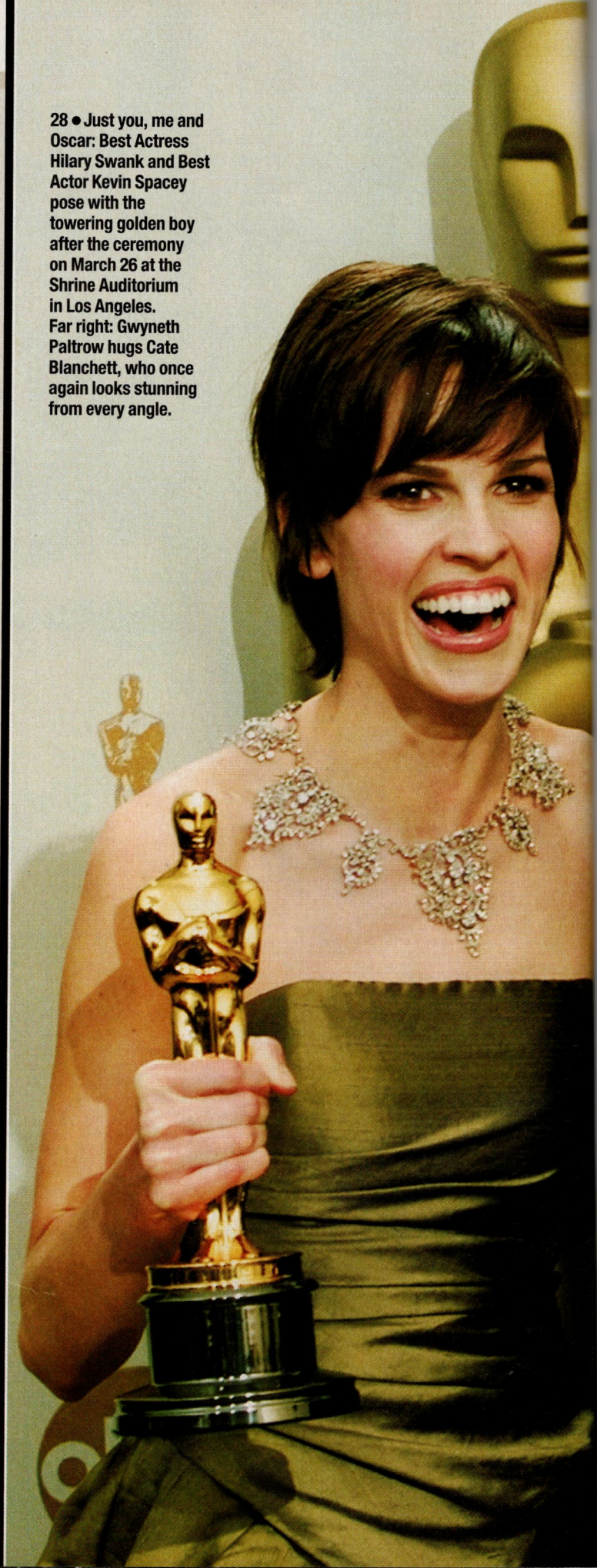
SONG **Blue no longer**
Folk icon **Joni Mitchell** looks at life now in dramatically new ways: as a mother and grandmother (plus a review of her new album on p. 107). **85**

TRIBUTE **No reason to be tearful**
Punk-rock trailblazer **Ian Dury**, best known for his 1979 No. 1 single "Hit Me with Your Rhythm Stick," loses his battle against cancer—but goes out smiling. **90**

CONTROVERSY **Hot water**
Darwin's top newsreader **David Fidler** quits after it's revealed he's not the Olympic swimmer he claimed to be. **93**

SCENE **They're back!**
Three years after "Mmm Bop" took over the world's radio waves, the **Hanson** brothers are back doing what they do best—making teenage girls scream. **96**

OLYMPIC DREAM **Torch song**
They are strangers now, but soon 11,000 Australians will share one joyous experience—carrying the **Olympic torch** across the nation to Sydney. **98**



28 • Just you, me and Oscar: Best Actress Hilary Swank and Best Actor Kevin Spacey pose with the towering golden boy after the ceremony on March 26 at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles. Far right: Gwyneth Paltrow hugs Cate Blanchett, who once again looks stunning from every angle.

AP/AAP (2)

Picks&Pans As the feisty underdog in *Erin Brockovich*, **Julia Roberts** files a beauty of a performance; **Joni Mitchell** tries on a new old style; **Magda Szubanski** joins the pet-detective ranks in *Dogwoman*; and **Beck** hits the top note on the Net. **103**

REGULAR FEATURES

EDITOR'S LETTER 8

STAR TRACKS 10

PUZZLER 124

HOROSCOPE 127

PASSAGES 128

Cover photographs (clockwise, from top right): Frank Trapper/Corbis Sygma/Austral; Ron Davis/Shooting Star/Austral; Steve Granitz/Retna; Mirek Towski/DMI/Hitpic Press; Stewart Cook/Rex/Austral

Editor's Letter

Roberto Benigni arrives at the Shrine Auditorium; editor Guthrie's brushes with fame included booking the limo driver Benigni had in '99. AFP/AAP

These have been a tough few weeks for Oscar. First, he gets stolen and later abandoned in a dumpster; then kids—KIDS!—start questioning his manhood. Within 48 hours of his night of nights, 9-year-old Clara Lee Flaherty of Brooklyn wrote to *The New York Times* saying of the golden oldie: "I think it's sexist to have only male statues. I think the statues should also be female."

Can we give the guy a break, please? After all, he is 72 years old, and he has been through quite an ordeal. (Besides, who'd get the female Oscar and who'd get the male? Would Hilary Swank get one of each?)

Of course, Oscar is well used to controversy by now. It's as common to the annual awards ceremony as cleavage, men in black and overblown acceptance speeches. Still, this year I felt he needed a little moral support, so I took myself along to the festivities at Shrine Auditorium. I'm happy to report he's in good shape.

This was the third Oscar ceremony I've attended, but the first for 13 years. It's also the first time I've trodden the fabled red carpet.

In 1987 I covered the event for a bunch of Australian newspapers. As one of the working press, I arrived, as directed, in tux and black tie only to be led with dozens of other formally dressed reporters into a windowless room to watch the ceremony ... on closed-circuit television.

It continues to this day. Each year hundreds of journalists report on the ceremony from monitors in the bowels of the auditorium. Their only access to the stars of the show comes when the presenters and winners are led off stage and along a kind of media conveyor belt past press, radio and TV reporters, all corralled into separate areas.

This year I was having none of that. I opted instead for the limo—our driver, who had ferried 1999 Best Actor winner Roberto Benigni to and from last year's ceremony, accepted my apologies that his station had been so diminished. And with the limo comes the limelight.

This shines on you from the moment you turn into Jefferson Boulevard, directly outside the Shrine Auditorium, and continues for about 100 metres as you stroll through security guards, assembled masses of fans and press, to the great doors of the place, guarded by four massive Oscars. This walk can take a star like Tom Cruise more than a quarter of an hour as he pauses for interviews, photo ops and felicitations. It took me about 34 seconds.

Our Los Angeles bureau chief, Shelli-Anne Couch, is well used to this pomp and ceremony. So too is Jack Kelley, her counterpart at our US sister magazine PEOPLE. Kelley and his team of 14 correspondents are principally responsible for this week's special Oscars issue. Couch weighed in on the Australian component, significant this year with the twin successes of Steve Courtley and David Lee.

How does Kelley—a veteran of 10 Oscar campaigns—and his team manage their superb coverage each year? "Somehow, year after year, our staff out-hustles and outcharms the competition," he explains. "The challenge is in delivering fresh reporting from what might be the most intense media feeding frenzy on the planet."

Mission accomplished.

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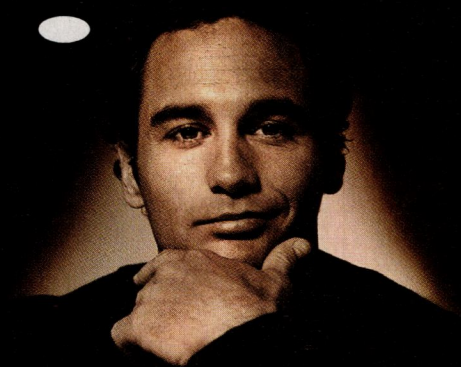

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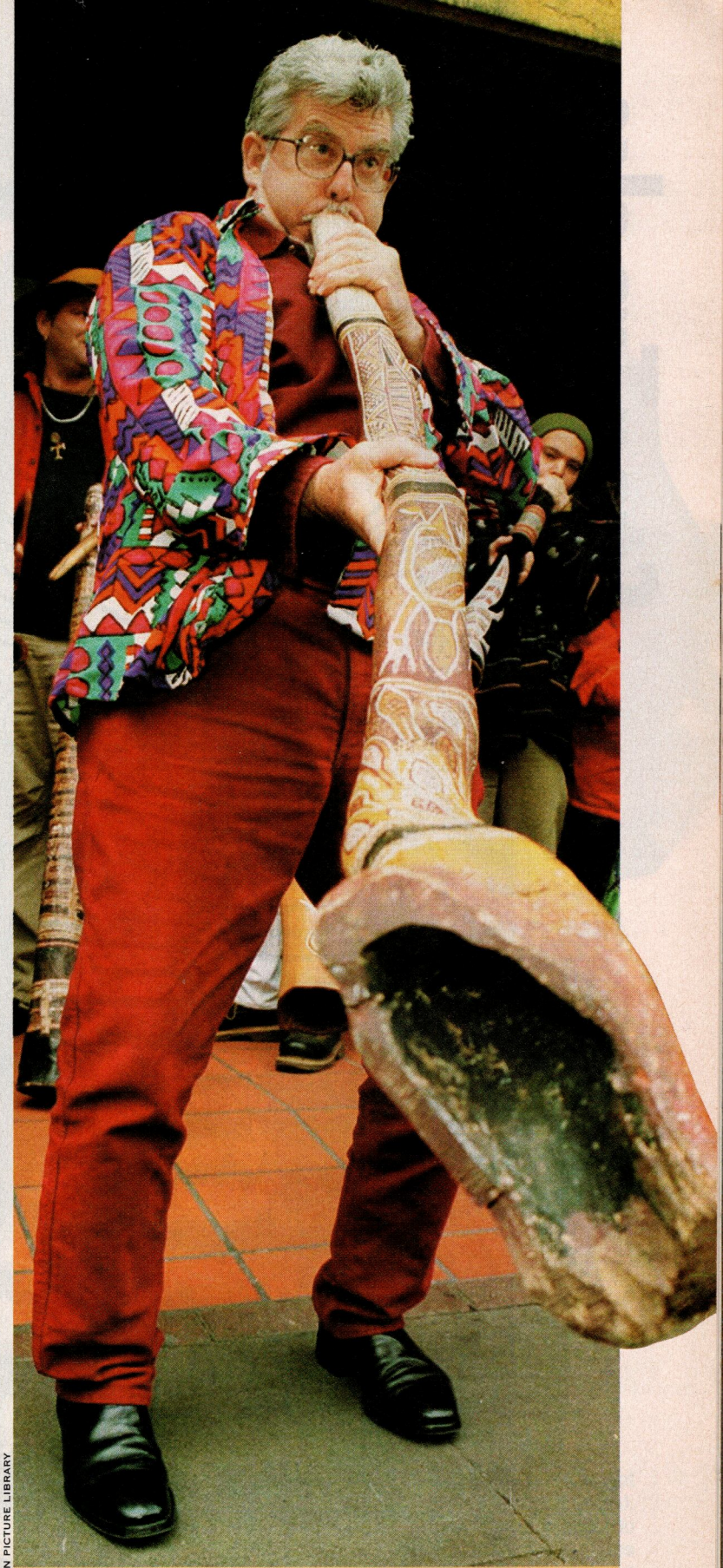
LIONEL HAHN/ABACA/BIG AUSTRALIA (2)

The Independent Spirit Awards for indie films were held last week in a tent on LA's Santa Monica Beach. Guests Rosanna Arquette (above) and Pedro Almodóvar and Penélope Cruz (far right) saw *Election* win Best Feature. Jennifer Tilly (right) hosted. "I was the 9th choice," she laughed, "but I am still filled with the indie spirit!"

LISA ROSE/JPI/HITPIC PRESS

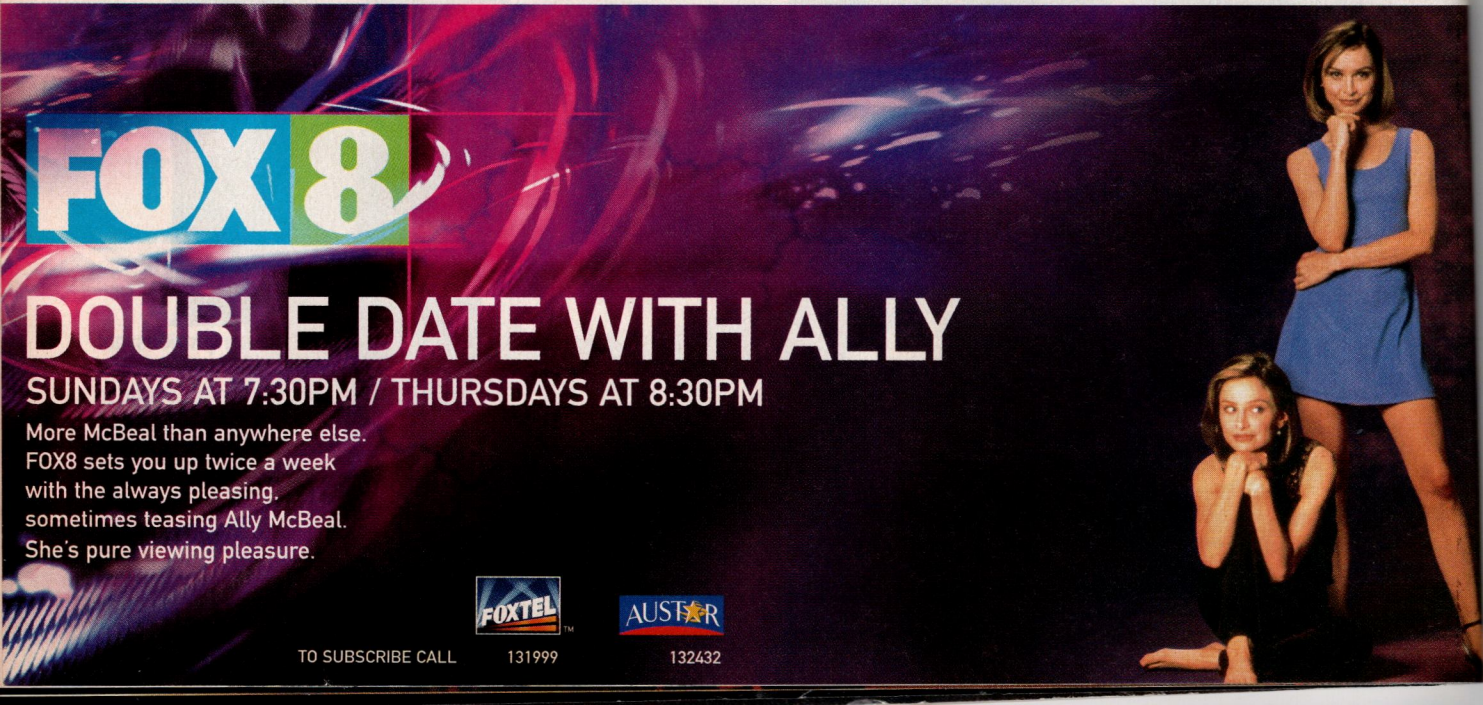


UPPA/AUSTRALIAN PICTURE LIBRARY

Rolf Harris didgeri-did an Aussie-flavoured gig to celebrate notching up his three-score years and 10 at the Walkabout Inn, Shepherds Bush Green, London, last week (he turned 70 on March 30). The indefatigable showman has a new album, *70/30*, due for release.

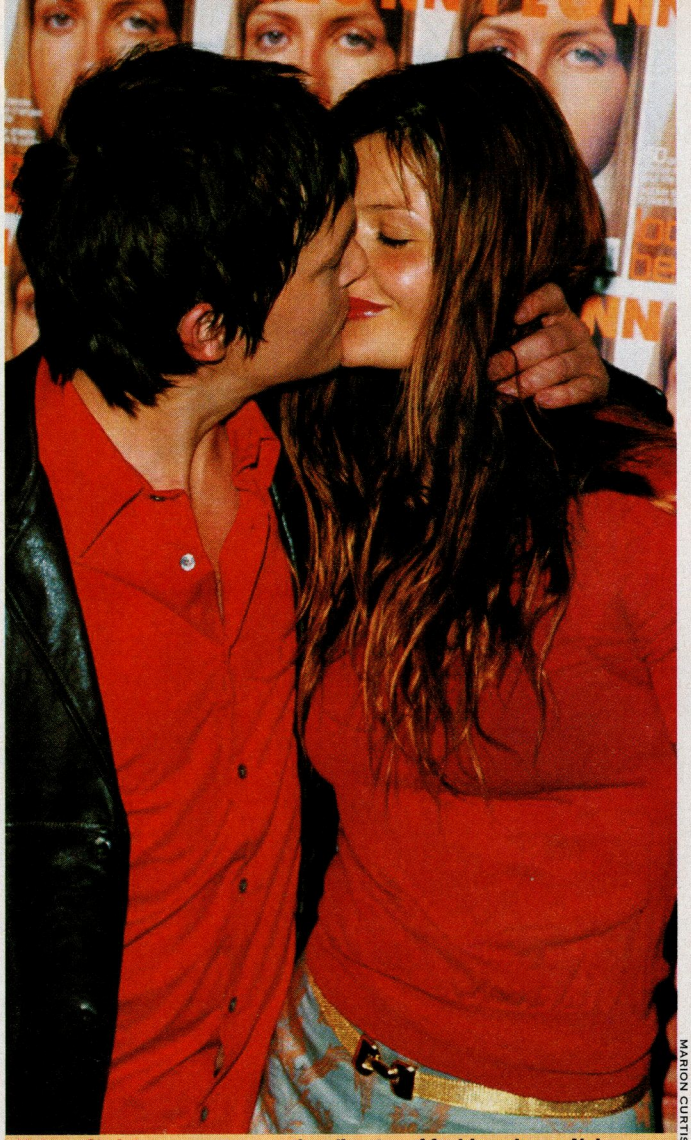
A gig to die for: Killing Heidi's **Warren Jenkins** and **Ella Hooper** joined fellow rockers the Whitlams, Vanessa Amorosi, Bachelor Girl, Jimmy Barnes and Human Nature at Sydney's Museum of Contemporary Art to launch the CD and video of their Rock the Millennium concert. Proceeds will aid the National Cord Blood Bank and the Sydney Children's Hospital.

BRADLEY PATRICK



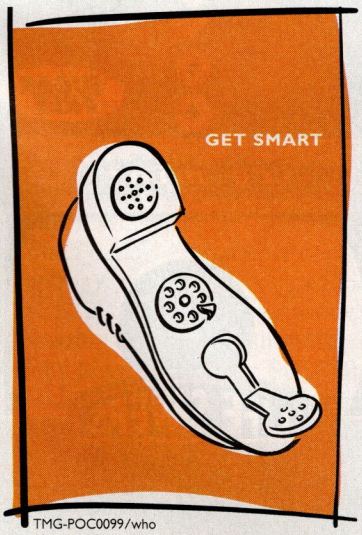
Knockout **Jimmy Smits** posed with co-stars **Clifton Collins Jr** (left) and *Homicide*'s **Jon Seda**, who play his sons, at the Los Angeles premiere of his new boxing movie, *Price of Glory*, due out later this year.

ROSE PROUSER/REUTERS



Helena Christensen, now creative director of fashion glossy *Nylon*, seemed pleased with beau **Norman Reedus** at the mag's first birthday bash in New York. "Photography is the most thrilling thing in my life," beamed the ex-model when she came up for air. "It's so much more fun than being on the other side of the camera."

MARION CURTIS/DMI/HITPIC PRESS



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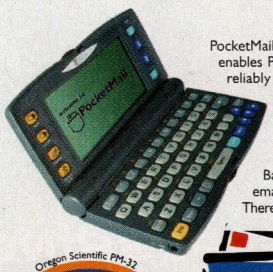

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InsideScoop

NEWS, EVENTS AND THINGS THAT GO POP

A diehard friend

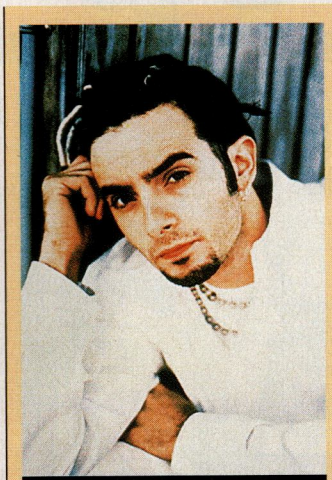
As the recent appearance of **Elle Macpherson** proved, a guest gig on *Friends* revs up the show's ratings. When The Body hung her underwear from Joey's (**Matt LeBlanc**) shower rail, she helped rocket *Friends* back to the No. 1 spot in Australia, derailing the *Popstars* juggernaut in the process. Now **Bruce Willis** is set to moonlight on the venerable sitcom. Willis will appear in three consecutive episodes later this year as Paul Stevens, the dashing, widowed father of Ross's (**David Schwimmer**) new girlfriend. So how did the $US20-mill-per-pic star get roped into doing the program for way, way less than his usual fee? Thank *Friends*' **Matthew Perry**, Willis's co-star in the Mob comedy *The Whole Nine Yards*, released here last week. The pair got on during the shoot and Perry made his pitch. Willis bit. Done deal. Although other guest stars will cosy up to *Friends* this season—**Reese Witherspoon** is **Jennifer Aniston**'s little sister, and designer **Ralph Lauren** will play himself—the *Pulp Fiction* and *Sixth Sense* star's arrival on the LA set created a special buzz. NBC network won't say how much it's paying Willis, only that the fee will go to charity.

Willis's stint is a one-off, despite rumours to the contrary, but the network is desperate that regular stars Perry, Aniston, LeBlanc, Schwimmer, **Lisa Kudrow** and **Courteney Cox Arquette** return and that may cost a bundle. The *Friends*' cast, whose contracts are up for renewal, now earn a reported $US120,000 each per episode. Sources close to the show say NBC may have to fork out $US600,000 each for every new-season episode. As in the past, *Friends*' friends will negotiate as a unit. Says LeBlanc's rep, Nancy Kane: "They're one for all and all for one. Always."

PAUL DRINKWATER/NBC

One of the boys: David Schwimmer lays down the law to Bruce Willis on the set of *Friends*.

InsideScoop



BMG

*NSYNC's Chris Kirkpatrick thinks Mickey Mouse is "cool."

Their latest single, "Bye Bye Bye," went straight to No. 1 and now *NSYNC's **Chris Kirkpatrick** chooses girls, rugby and, ah, girls in our **either/or** pop quiz.

Q. *The Flintstones* or *The Jetsons*?
A. *The Flintstones* because it's got Betty. Betty's a hottie.

Q. Britney or Christina?
A. That's a tough one. I like Britney because she's beautiful and I like Christina because she's got a great voice.

Q. Fiona Apple or Jewel?
A. Jewel, because she's ... Jewel.

Q. Spice Girls or All Saints?
A. All Saints. They're much sexier.

Q. Jennifer Lopez or Salma Hayek?
A. SAL-MA HAY-EK!

Q. Blondes or brunettes?
A. I prefer brunettes but I always end up dating blondes.

Q. Football or baseball?
A. Football's my favourite sport. I love watching rugby, too. Those guys are crazy. They beat the crap out of each other.

Substantial role

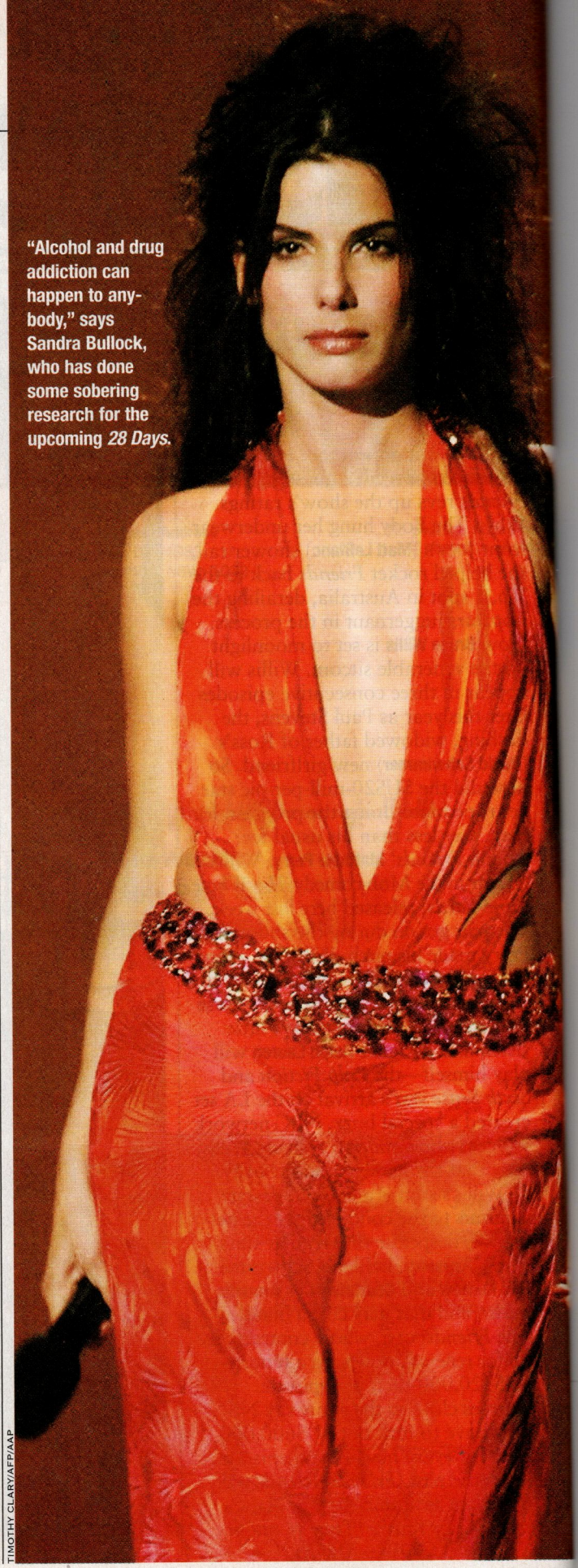
In the dark comedy *28 Days*, due May 4, **Sandra Bullock** stars as a hard-drinking writer who must spend four weeks in a rehab facility. The actress admits she had to overcome a few stereotypes. "Alcohol and drug addiction can happen to anybody," says Bullock, 35. "I spent time in these rehab centres for research. There were rich people, grandmothers, housewives. There wasn't anybody in there I expected." And who might that have been? "I wanted the heavy-metal rockers."

The gold pass

Stuck in limo gridlock after the Oscars, Australian winners **David Lee** and **Steven Courtley** hit on an idea. Show 'em the little gold man. "Straight through three roadblocks," laughs Courtley (who won for *The Matrix*'s visual effects). It also came in handy for meet 'n' greets. At the post-show *Vanity Fair* party Lee (Best Sound, *The Matrix*) approached **Hilary Swank** and cooed, " 'Congratulations, dahling.' She looked at me like, 'Who the hell are you?' " he recalls. "I held up my little Oscar, she smiled and said, 'Congratulations to *you*, too.' "

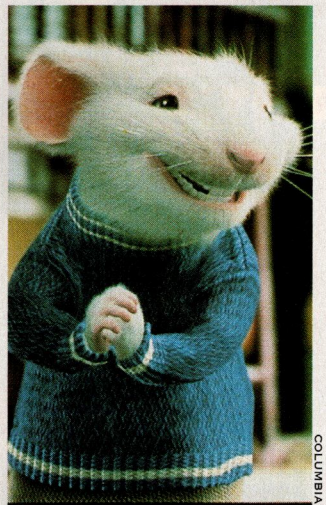
Tale of a mouse

Creating something as seemingly simple as a cinematic mouse can prove a trap, as *Stuart Little* computer-generated imagery supervisor Jay Redd readily acknowledges. One of a team of over 150 animators who toiled for two years on the film, based on E.B. White's 1945 book, Redd says that



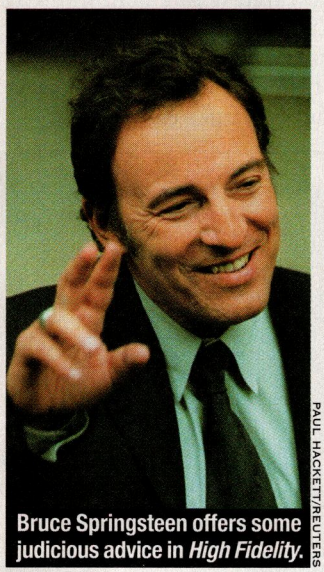
"Alcohol and drug addiction can happen to anybody," says Sandra Bullock, who has done some sobering research for the upcoming *28 Days*.

TIMOTHY CLARY/AFP/AAP



COLUMBIA TRISTAR

Little Stuart Little proved a big challenge for his animators.



PAUL HACKETT/REUTERS

Bruce Springsteen offers some judicious advice in *High Fidelity*.

"cute" soon became the operative word. "There was a five- or six-month exploration on what makes cute. We put a lot of study into it." The *inoperative* word was "rat"—banned during production due to its grungy connotations. "We couldn't use the word rat," laughs Redd, "so we called it the R-word."

Celluloid Springsteen

Fans of *High Fidelity*, **Nick Hornby**'s novel about the romantic travails of a music-obsessed record shop owner, may be dismayed to learn that the film (due here in September) has switched location from London to Chicago. Perhaps to compensate for the shock of *Fidelity*'s being reborn in the USA, rocker **Bruce Springsteen** makes a brief appearance as himself in the flick. The Boss is seen picking some bluesy guitar licks and offering advice to the film's lovelorn protagonist Rob Gordon (**John Cusack**). Says co-screenwriter and co-producer D.V. DeVincentis, "John called Bruce, and for some reason he showed up."

Who weekly WHAT, WHERE, WHEN, WHY & HOW

STEVE LOPES PONDERS THE WEEK'S BIG QUESTIONS

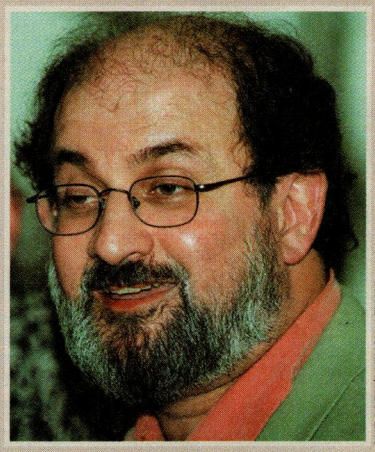
who apart from television newsreaders have been lying about their **shady Olympic past**? ... OK, I admit it, I was never one of those cycling kangaroos at the Atlanta Games.

what about a helping hand for **Pauline Hanson**, who's $500,000 in debt? That's only a $4.80 donation from every new immigrant.

where else but Sydney could the special effects Oscar winner **Steve Courtley** get such inspiration to create a scary futuristic city for *The Matrix*? All he had to do was cross the Bridge in peak hour.

when is **Kate Moss** going to stop collapsing? She's been at it again, recently checking herself out of hospital after a kidney complaint. Staff are keeping her dinner warm. It's a pea.

why does **Salman Rushdie** (below) want to be a pop star? He's contributed lyrics to the latest U2 song. It goes satanic verse, chorus, satanic verse.



PAUL HACKETT/REUTERS

how come the **Academy** ignored *The Blair Witch Project* for an Oscar? I bet they're sorry now. Members of the judging panel have started to go missing.

THE HIT LIST

Elle Macpherson sashays her way into TV's most watched circle of *Friends*.

ILLUSTRATION BY SUZANNE WHITE

MOVIES

1 Scream 3
2 The Hurricane
3 American Beauty
4 Hanging Up
5 The Wog Boy
6 The Beach
7 The Green Mile
8 The Story of Us
9 The Talented Mr Ripley
10 Magnolia

WEEK ENDING MARCH 29. SOURCE: MOTION PICTURE DIST. ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA.

TV SHOWS

1 Friends
2 Popstars
3 Spin City
4 Harry's Practice
5 ER
6 Burke's Backyard
7 Better Homes and Gardens
8 Our House
9 Sixty Minutes
10 Blue Heelers

WEEK ENDING MARCH 25. SOURCE: AC NIELSEN.

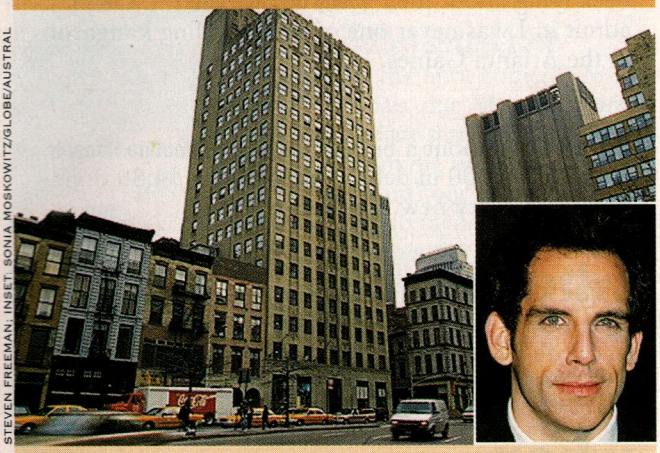
MUSIC

1 Reflector Killing Heidi
2 Reinventing the Steel Pantera
3 Supernatural Santana
4 Californication Red Hot Chili ...
5 Play Moby
6 Bitter & Twisted Area 7
7 On How Life Is Macy Gray
8 Enema of the State Blink 182
9 The Distance to Here Live
10 Affirmation Savage Garden

WEEK ENDING MARCH 27. SOURCE: AUSTRALIAN RECORD INDUSTRY ASSN (TOP 100 CHART).

InsideScoop

SOLD!

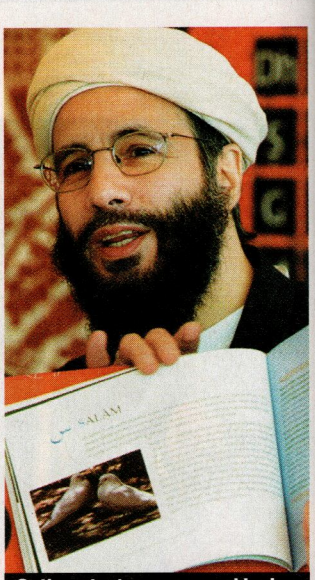


STEVEN FREEMAN; INSET, SONIA MOSKOWITZ/GLOBE/AUSTRAL

THE DEN OF BEN

There's Something About Mary's **Ben Stiller** has bought a 185sq-m pad in the art deco Franklin Tower in New York's trendy TriBeCa for just over a million dollars. Stiller, who was recently engaged to **Christine Taylor** (*The Wedding Singer*), can cavort in his love nest's steam shower and enjoy floor-to-ceiling views of the Empire State Building. Neighbours include **Mariah Carey**.

Oh baby, it's a wild world



Cat's got a tongue—and lashes out against the old school yard. PA

Yusuf Islam, the artist formerly known as **Cat Stevens**, dropped by Britain's House of Lords last week to talk about "the horrors which are happening more and more in schools"—he cites murders, pregnancies and drugs—and to support the continuation of a government ban on classroom discussion of homosexuality. He also used the occasion to plug his new children's CD, *A Is for Allah*, calling it "a syllabus for developing the most sorely lacking quality in young souls: moral consciousness." Following his speech, Islam, 52, was presented with a platinum CD to mark the sale of at least 350,000 copies of his 1995 recording *The Life of the Last Prophet.* The singer of '70s pop hits "Morning has broken" and "Peace Train" changed his name and took up Muslim beliefs in 1977.

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From the bestselling author of
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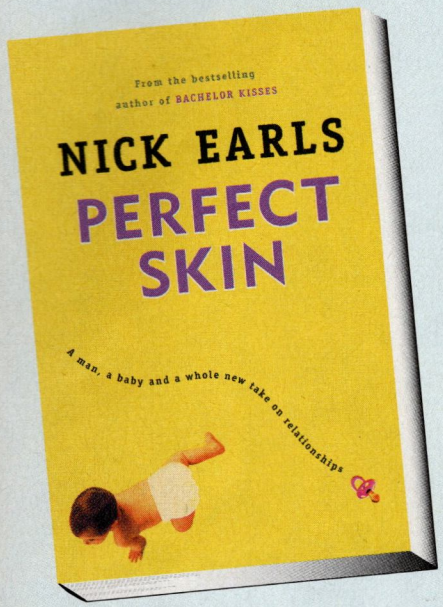

A new look at the eighties, at babies, at mid-thirties dating, at life now and its possibilities.

'The first Aussie to make me laugh out loud since Jason Donovan'
Mirror (UK)

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InsideScoop

"I'm ecstatic and very proud," said John (with Headley, left, at the final curtain call).

BRAD BARKET/GETTY IMAGES; BELOW, STUART RAMSOM/AP/AAP

Say it with diamonds

Sir Elton John was all smiles at last week's opening of *Aida*, his new Broadway musical (written with **Sir Tim Rice**) based on the same Egyptian legend as Verdi's opera. Quite a switch from John's diva-like performance a few weeks back, when the star stormed out of a preview in a hissy-fit because he was unhappy with the rhythm tracks in two of the songs in the Disney-produced show. Disney chief Michael Eisner minimised the tantrum. "He was tired," Eisner says. "He was coming from the Grammys." Adds **Heather Headley**, who plays the heavenly slave Aida: "We all just came together and dealt with it." Before the first night, Elton—showing his gracious side—gave the three leading cast members diamond necklaces.

John's mum, Sheila, greets newswoman Barbara Walters.

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF QUOTABLE NOTABLES MOUTH OFF

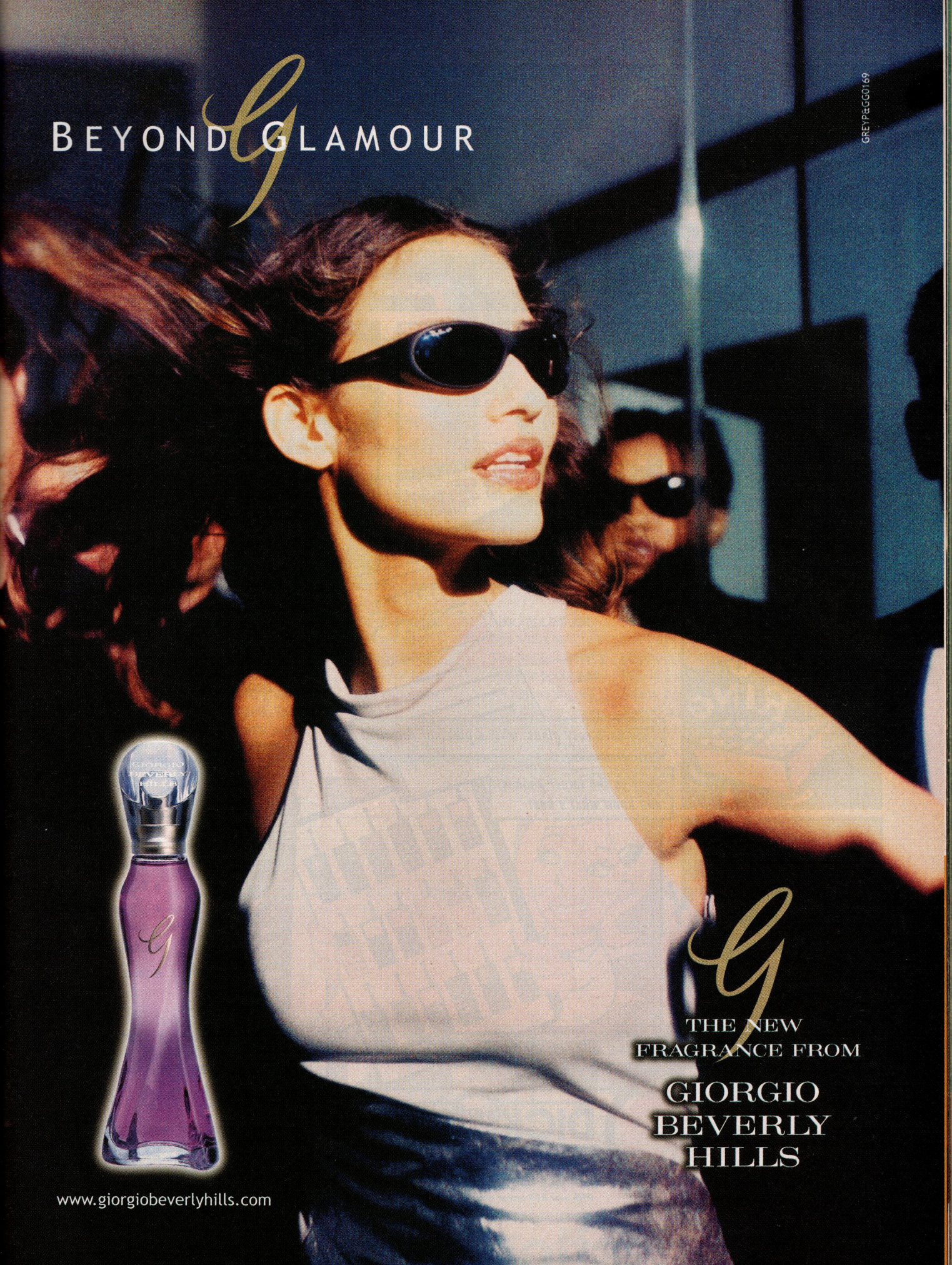
"People are going to think you are back on drugs."
IMAN, on what she told husband David Bowie about the constant smile he has been wearing since finding out their first child is due.

"It's the only profession in the world where your employer wants you to die."
Archibald-winning painter ADAM CULLEN, who won $35,000 with his portrait of actor David Wenham, sums up the artist's lot.

"I am very proud of the music, but I turn off when I see us on TV. I have the clothes I wore—there has never been anything as tasteless since. But it's impossible for me to slip into Lycra any more."
Abba's BJORN ULVAEUS (right, in '76) looks back on his sartorial slip-ups.

"Success hasn't changed me much, except that I make a lot more money than I did selling shoes. And more people ask me what time it is and where the bathroom is and bum cigarettes off me."
Actress JANEANE GAROFALO, on being a celebrity.

HEILEMANN/CAMERAPRESS/AUSTRAL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Touch of Class

Glamour was the buzzword as Hollywood toasted Oscar in a dazzling show of high style and subterranean necklines

The giddy anticipation that greets Oscar night each year is grounded in certain unshakable truths: the host will poke fun, stars will sob, and as sure as the show is long (this one ran a record-breaking 4 hours, 8 minutes), Cher's apparel will be gloriously gaudy. So when the Duchess of Daring turned up at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles in a demure black velvet Bob Mackie frock, the 79 million US viewers of the 72nd Annual Academy Awards knew they were witnessing a new era in Oscars fashion, one in which subdued elegance not only plays a part, but prevails.

"Everyone was really tasteful," said Christina Ricci (in a backless draped silk jersey Richard Tyler gown), who, along with Best Supporting Actress winner Angelina Jolie, 24 (in a long-sleeved Versace dress with train), Best Supporting Actress nominee Chloë Sevigny (in a cotton Yves Saint Laurent halter frock) and presenter Cate Blanchett (in a bead-trimmed Jean Paul Gaultier), made it clear that black—though it never really went away—is back. "Nobody," Ricci concluded, "was horrendous."

Much to the disappointment, no doubt, of those who view Oscar night as the year's pre-eminent Diss That Dress opportunity. But any hankering for sartorial disasters past was quickly dissipated with a welcome shot of old-style Hollywood glamour. From Best Actress winner Hilary Swank, in a strapless bronze silk dupion Randolph Duke gown ballasted with $250,000 (all amounts in US dollars) worth of Asprey & Garrard diamonds, to *The Cider House Rules*' Charlize Theron, in a plunging tangerine bias-cut chiffon gown by Vera Wang, Oscar's American beauties made it plain that excess was back in the closet.

Fittingly, tresses were tamed in chic knots (worn by Blanchett, Uma Thurman and Spanish actress Penélope Cruz) or slick 'dos reminiscent of 1940s

"I wanted something very 1940s," Charlize Theron said of her Vera Wang. Her pre-Oscar beauty secret? "A good shower!"

L TO R: STEVE GRANITZ/RETNA; RON DAVIS/SHOOTING STAR/AUSTRAL; MIREK TOWSKI/DMI/HITPIC PRESS

Hilary Swank said she knew her bronze silk Randolph Duke gown was a winner when husband Chad Lowe "gasped when I put it on."

Jane Fonda jettisoned her plans to donate her Vera Wang to charity after the show (her first appearance as a presenter since 1993). "I've fallen in love with it," she said.

Nominee Toni Collette's sixth sense guided her to a bead-encrusted Versace.

FITZROY BARRETT/GLOBE/AUSTRAL

elegance (Theron, Sevigny and Winona Ryder). The exception: Jolie's witchy jet-black hair extensions. ("I wouldn't have the patience for [real] hair this long," she said.)

With little to sink her claws into, even acerbic TV host Joan Rivers (in a lavender beaded Vera Wang sheath) purred on her E! pre-show telecast that "everybody's looking glamorous." Drew Barrymore, for one, wasn't convinced that Rivers had been kept safely at bay. "I'm sure she's going to have my ass in the morning!" said the actress, who joined the black pack in a flowing backless dress by *Charlie's Angels* costume designer Joe Aulisi.

In a stunning display of conspicuous recycling, some stars even raided their own wardrobes. Ryder unapologetically trotted out a 1940s black Pauline Trigère dress ("I had it, and it's fabulous!") she has owned for seven years and worn at three events. Ricci said she found the perfect Versace heels at the bottom of her closet. And Nicole Kidman confessed she'd accessorised her golden ruffled sheath by John Galliano for Christian Dior with a pair of antique French fingerless gloves from her drawer. "I've had these for years," she explained, "and I haven't been able to wear them."

Not that the evening lacked a bracing splash of cash. Neck and neck in the priciest-borrowed-bijoux stakes: models Heidi Klum, in a jaw-dropping $15 million, 110-carat yellow diamond pendant from David Orgell, and Tyra Banks, in a $9 million, 81.62 carat (but who's counting?) yellow diamond pendant and $1.1 million white diamond ring from Harry Winston. Not to be outdone, presenter Salma Hayek paired a $5 million, 6.17-carat pink Winston diamond ring and $40,000 drop earrings with her simple lavender dress by New York newcomer Eric Gaskins. Afraid of losing the gems? Not Melanie Griffith, who had a diamond anklet sewn directly into her black Hanes hosiery. ("I'm wearing a $20,000 pair of stockings!" she squealed.)

Erykah Badu, on the other hand, wasn't having any of it. Rejecting the diamonds Harry Winston had sent to her hotel ("They just didn't go with me," she shrugged), the singer and *The Cider House Rules* star chose just a few ethnic rings and bangles to accompany a green leather and raffia dress designed by her friend Charlene Shepherd.

As for the men, it seemed fitting, in a year in which Best Actress Swank won for playing a guy, that they took their fashion lead from the ladies. Copying their classic elegance were tuxedo-clad Best Actor Kevin Spacey, 40, Best Supporting Actor Michael Caine, 67, and Best Director Sam Mendes. Young Hollywoodites Brad Pitt, Ethan Hawke and Keanu Reeves scuttled the bow ties for still-tasteful four-in-hands in neutral hues.

But the female influence was strongest on *South Park*

L TO R: GILBERT FLORES/CELEBRITY PHOTO/SCOPE FEATURES; LISA ROSE/JPI; FRANK FODEN/ZUMA PRESS/AUSTRAL

"It's spun gold," Nicole Kidman said of her dress, which was made not by Rumpelstiltskin but by Christian Dior's John Galliano.

"I had walking pneumonia, so I lost a few pounds. It's great!" laughed Angela Bassett, baring arms in a Bordeaux-coloured Escada and Martin Katz necklace.

"I always felt like I wanted to live in another era," said vintage-duds fan Winona Ryder (in a '40s Pauline Trigère gown).

creators Trey Parker and Matt Stone, who wigged up and stepped out in drag: Stone not so pretty in a pink frock like Gwyneth Paltrow's Ralph Lauren at last year's Oscars, Parker in something approximating the shocking Versace that Jennifer Lopez wore to the Grammys. ("My body's so perfect, I don't need tape," Parker boasted.) Only marginally less flashy was purple-velvet-suited Samuel L. Jackson, who said he told designer Giorgio Armani, "I'd like something different, like an eggplant."

The edible shade must have been a powerful temptation for those attendees who—whether through nerves or necessity—skipped meals before squeezing into their skimpy frocks. "All I've eaten today is a protein bar," moaned presenter Angela Bassett, who was poured into a Bordeaux-coloured satin strapless Escada gown. "I'm going to die before the show is over."

Not so Theron, who prepared with an avocado, cream cheese and smoked salmon bagel, washed down with champagne. Or Lucy Liu, who ate a cheese, ham and chicken sandwich before slipping into her red-beaded Versace sheath. "Hey, it's a four-hour ceremony," she said. "I'd go ballistic if I didn't eat."

For some, just making it to the end of the red carpet was effort enough. "There was so much melodrama today about make-up, hair and limos," said *American Beauty*'s 18-year-old Thora Birch, radiant in an iridescent silvery-blue fitted jacket and long white skirt by Armani. "I'm ready to go home already."

Not so fast, young lady!—as her screen mother, Annette

Best Actress nominees Meryl Streep (left) and Julianne Moore exchanged kisses.

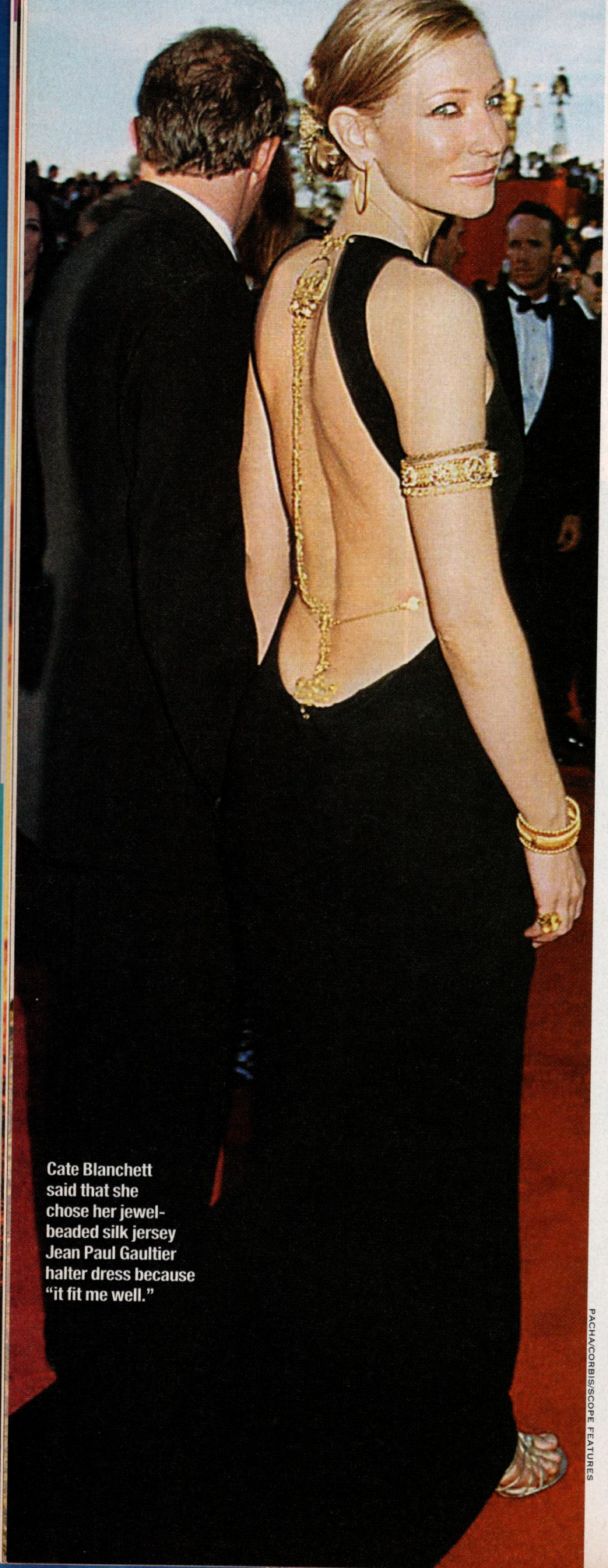
"I don't know if I've ever seen such an array of loveliness," said Ashley Judd, none too shabby herself in Valentino.

L TO R: MIREK TOWSKI/DMI/HITPIC PRESS; STEVE GRANITZ/RETNA; FRANK TRAPPER/CORBIS SYGMA/AUSTRAL; JANET GOUGH/CELEBRITY PHOTO/SCOPE FEATURES; GILBERT FLORES/CELEBRITY PHOTO/SCOPE FEATURES

Salma Hayek praised her daring lavender gown by unknown Eric Gaskins as "very spring and soft."

After her presenter's gig, Cameron Diaz (in a lacy Versace) said she "got to sit and root my friends on."

Gwyneth Paltrow sported a classy, if subdued, Calvin Klein dress in silk tulle.



Cate Blanchett said that she chose her jewel-beaded silk jersey Jean Paul Gaultier halter dress because "it fit me well."

PACHA/CORBIS/SCOPE FEATURES

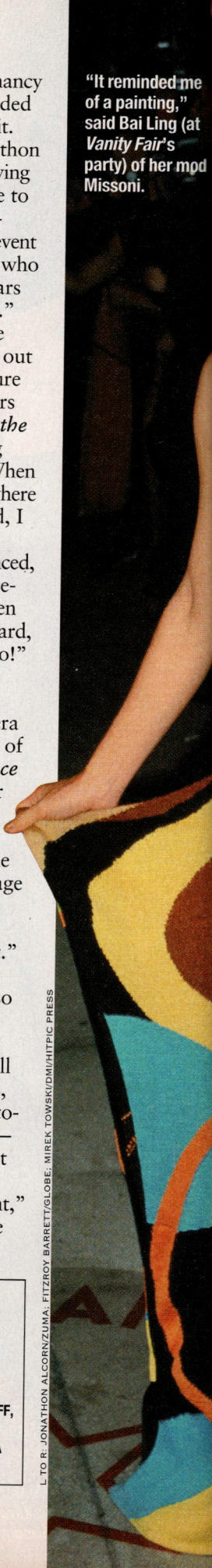
Bening (whose nine-month pregnancy was swathed in a black tulle beaded Armani gown), might have put it. Inside, attendees endured a marathon of movie montages and speechifying that belied the academy's promise to speed things up. When all was—eventually—said and done, the event got a raspberry from Elton John, who declared it "the most boring Oscars ever in the history of the Oscars."

Best Actress nominee Julianne Moore begged to differ. Decked out in a black off-the-shoulder couture Chanel gown that took 100 hours to make, the star of *The End of the Affair* spent much of the evening keeping her mascara in check. "When Michael Caine said he got to be where he was by surviving, oh, my God, I burst into tears!" she explained. And when Annette Bening announced, "I'm going to cry," in a taped presentation lauding husband Warren Beatty's Lifetime Achievement award, Moore said, "I'm going to cry, too!"

She wasn't the only one. As Hilary Swank, 25, accepted her Best Actress award, the TV camera focused on the tear-streaked face of her husband, former *Melrose Place* actor Chad Lowe (Rob's younger brother). For his part, seven-time host Billy Crystal was moved not by tears but by laughter at the now-traditional gag movie montage —this one starring himself—that opened the show. Said Crystal: "That to me was a great moment." And after four hours onstage, he noted, "Saying goodnight was also a good moment."

Not for young Thora Birch, though. Reinvigorated by the thrill of *American Beauty*'s five awards, the Oscar first-timer left the auditorium prepared to party till dawn—and wishing the evening could last a lifetime. "The end of the night will be the most emotional moment," said Birch. "I'm going to go home and, like, cry my eyes out."

OSCARS WRITERS: ANNE-MARIE O'NEILL, TOM GLIATTO, PAULA CHIN, JULIE K.L. DAM, GALINA ESPINOZA, DAN JEWEL, MICHAEL A. LIPTON, SAMANTHA MILLER, LISA RUSSELL, SOPHFRONIA SCOTT, KYLE SMITH, ALEX TRESNIOWSKI REPORTERS: STEVEN COJOCARU, KEN BAKER, KAREN BRAILSFORD, KELLY CARTER, TOM CUNNEFF, MARK DAGOSTINO, ALISON SINGH GEE, JULIE JORDAN, SUE MILLER, EDMUND NEWTON, PAMELA WARRICK, ULRICA WIHLBORG, PAULA YOO



"It reminded me of a painting," said Bai Ling (at *Vanity Fair*'s party) of her mod Missoni.

L TO R: JONATHON ALCORN/ZUMA; FITZROY BARRETT/GLOBE; MIREK TOWSKI/DMI/HITPIC PRESS

Anjelica Huston sought "a sophisticated modern look," according to designer Vera Wang.

"I wanted something simple," said Christina Ricci (at *Vanity Fair*'s party) of her Richard Tyler.

Who gets the award for best adaptation of a ghoul girl's dress code? Cher was a contender in Bob Mackie.

American Beauty's Thora Birch was just that in Armani.

"I just hope I make it through the night without tripping," said *American Beauty*'s Mena Suvari, in Escada.

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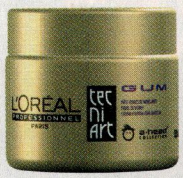

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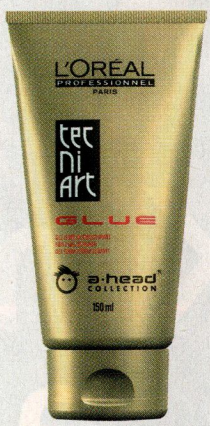

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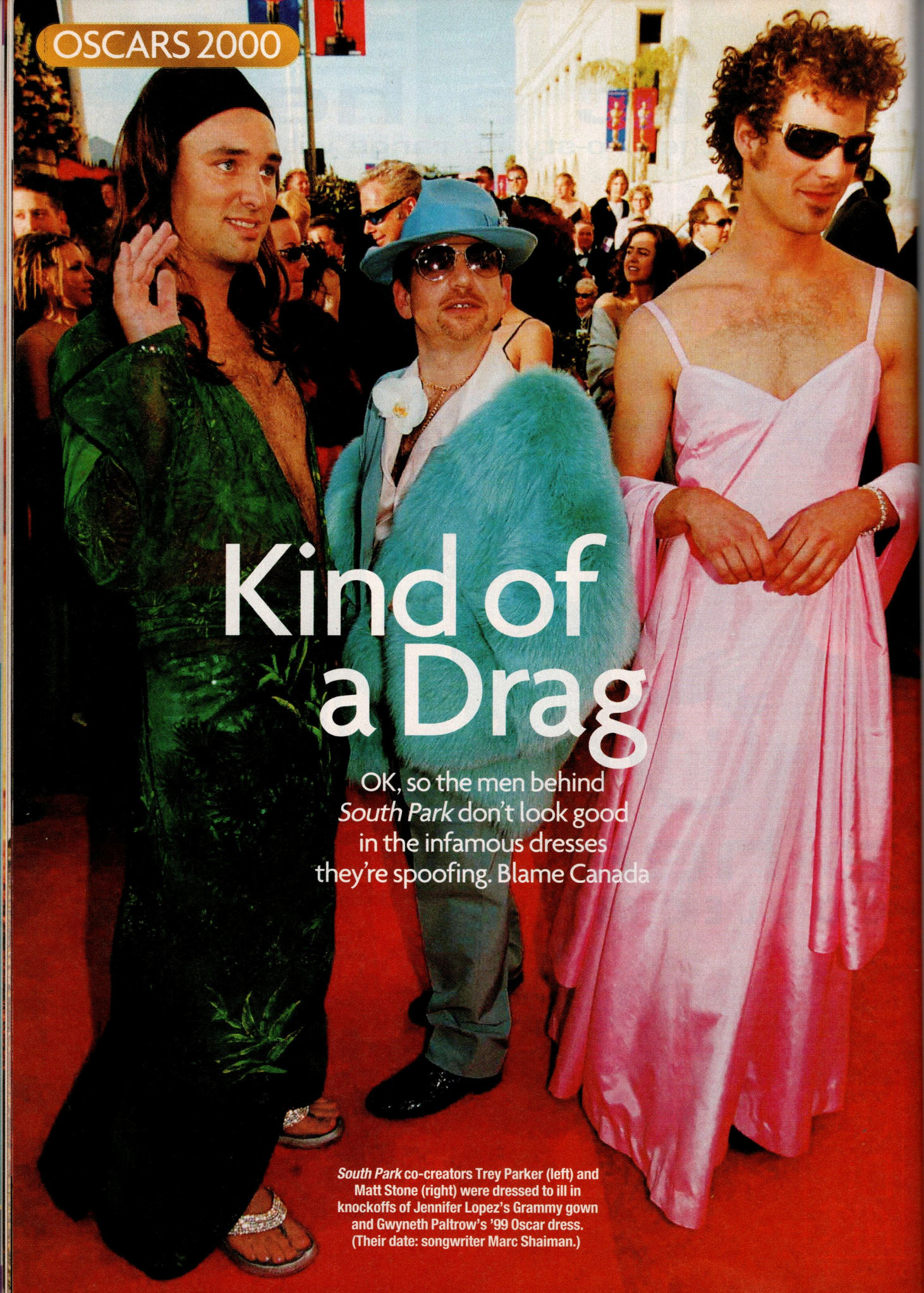
Kind of a Drag

OK, so the men behind *South Park* don't look good in the infamous dresses they're spoofing. Blame Canada



South Park **co-creators Trey Parker (left) and Matt Stone (right) were dressed to ill in knockoffs of Jennifer Lopez's Grammy gown and Gwyneth Paltrow's '99 Oscar dress. (Their date: songwriter Marc Shaiman.)**

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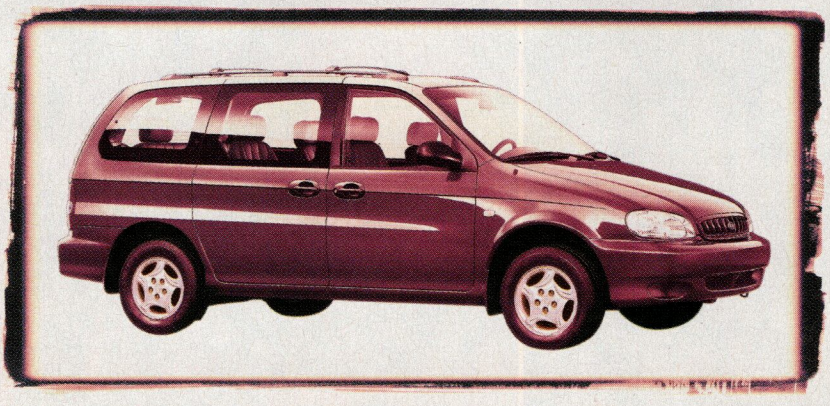

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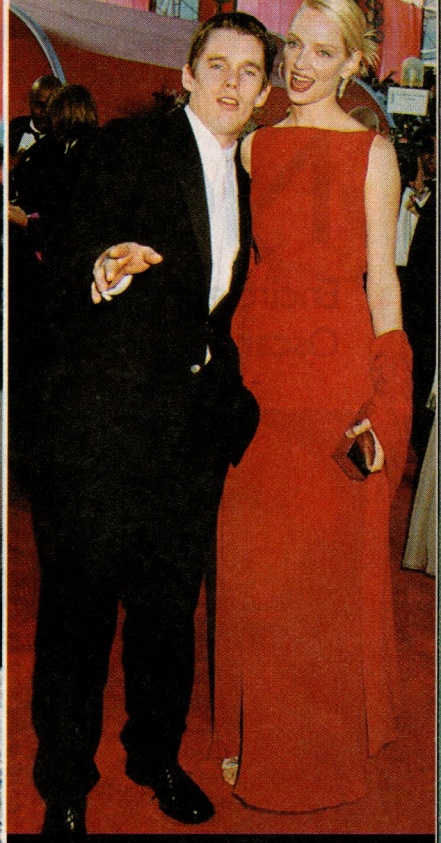
Family matters

There is plenty of star-studded networking on Oscars night, but it's also a time to share the limelight with your loved ones

The Practice's Dylan McDermott (clad in Gucci) and wife Shiva (in Badgley Mischka) at the *Vanity Fair* party.

Angelina Jolie, Goth glam in a slinky Versace and down-to-there hair extensions, arrived at the presentations with her brother, James Voight.

Best Supporting Actor nominee Jude Law (with his wife, actress Sadie Frost) said he "had a massage and listened to Bob Marley" to mellow out before the big show.



Uma Thurman (in Alberta Ferretti) and spouse Ethan Hawke made the sort of entry expected of such red-hot talents.

Russell Crowe's date was niece Chelsea. Crowe won no Oscar, but did get points for his vintage-style Armani tux.

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: JPI/HITPIC PRESS; PAUL FENTON/HUTCHINS/HITPIC PRESS; STEVE GRANITZ/RETNA; PACHA/CORBIS/SCOPE FEATURES;AFP/AAP

Neck and neck

Encircled in strands sparkly or subdued, they didn't need Oscar gold to stand head and shoulders above the rest

SNAPPER MEDIA

Heather Graham's first appearance as an Oscar presenter had her all choked up, thanks to her Fred Leighton necklace and its some 50 carats of diamond briolettes.

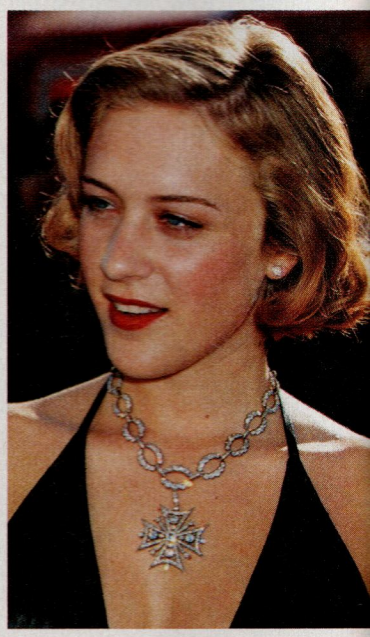
STEVE GRANITZ/RETNA

Drew Barrymore wore green on her neck (strands of chunky peridots, a semi-precious stone) and MTV comic Tom Green on her arm. (He's her beau.)

PAUL FENTON/HUTCHINS/HITPIC PRESS

To match her Richard Tyler gown, Gloria Estefan chose a 19th-century ruby-and-diamond necklace from Fred Leighton.

Singer Erykah Badu accessorised her second green dress of the night with a necklace of her own. "It makes me feel very comfortable," *The Cider House Rules* actress said.



Boys Don't Cry's Chloë Sevigny was dry-eyed about returning her 42-carat diamond necklace to Asprey & Garrard. "I'll have a photo of it," she said.

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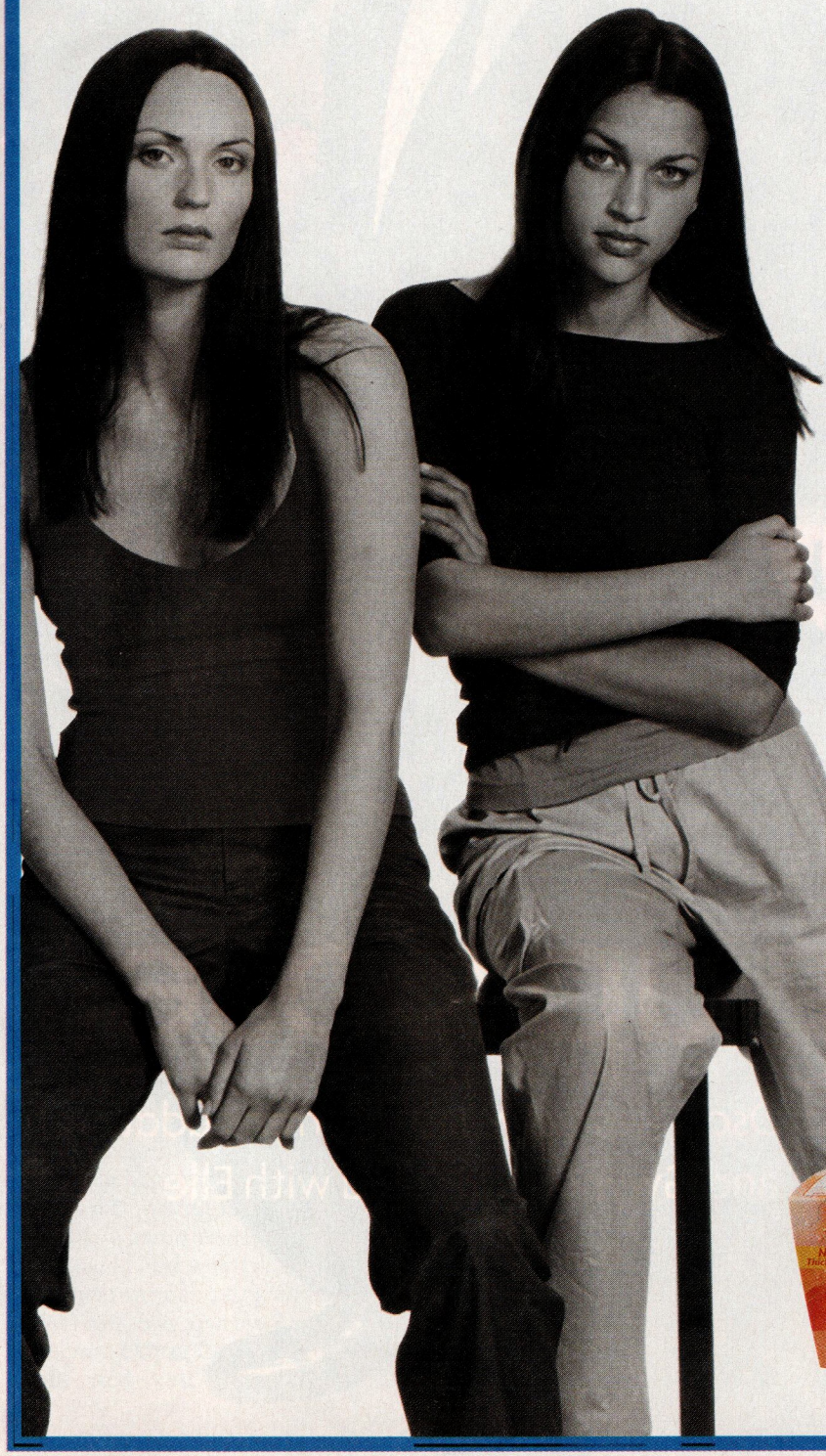

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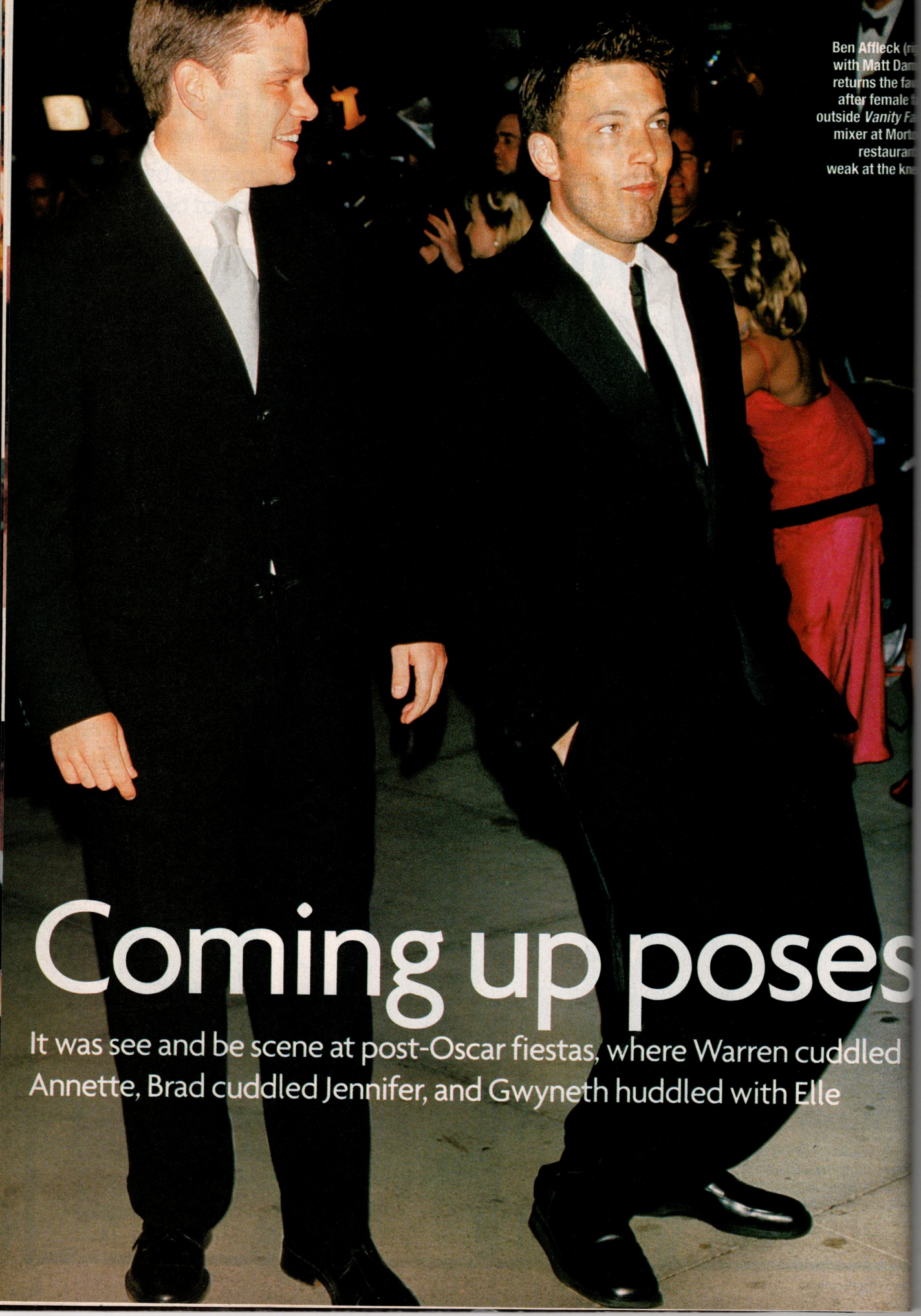

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Coming up poses

It was see and be scene at post-Oscar fiestas, where Warren cuddled Annette, Brad cuddled Jennifer, and Gwyneth huddled with Elle

"I thought I was going to pass out," said a ravenous Best Actress Hilary Swank (with Meryl Streep at the Governors Ball). "I've got to eat."

REUTERS; BELOW: MEGAN WILLIAMS/ZUMA PRESS/AUSTRAL

As if winning five Oscars weren't enough, DreamWorks, the studio behind *American Beauty*, had to keep reminding people that everything was indeed coming up roses. At the studio's post-Oscar bash at Spago, thousands of red rose petals—the kind that flutter significantly through the movie—floated in the drinks, littered the bathrooms and blanketed the table where 11-year-old nominee Haley Joel Osment had the good (sixth?) sense to huddle for a chat with studio cofounder Steven Spielberg. "This is the place to be," said *Beauty* co-star Scott Bakula, one of the revellers along with Dame Judi Dench, Roberto Benigni, Val Kilmer and Paula Abdul, who choreographed the movie's nymphet cheerleaders. "I'm not going to do much of the town—the town will come here."

Actually, on Oscar night, Hollywood turns into a celebrity caravan, with stars air-kissing their way from party to party. "I just came to stare and gawk," said newcomer Leelee Sobieski (*Here on Earth*) at *Vanity Fair*'s party at Morton's restaurant, where Hollywood's No. 1 couple of the moment, Brad Pitt and Jennifer Aniston, held intimate court at a VIP table, while Jane Fonda caught up with niece Bridget nearby. At the Governors Ball, Warren Beatty gently massaged the neck of his exhausted and very pregnant wife, Annette Bening, at the same time accepting congratulations from such well-wishers as Kevin Spacey. And, much further down the celebrity chain, Darva Conger, the disheartened bride from TV's ill-fated *Who Wants to Marry a Multi-Millionaire?*,

No ring here: Ex–*Who Wants to Marry a Multi-Millionaire?*'s bride Darva Conger wore JJ Designs to the Heal the Bay bash.

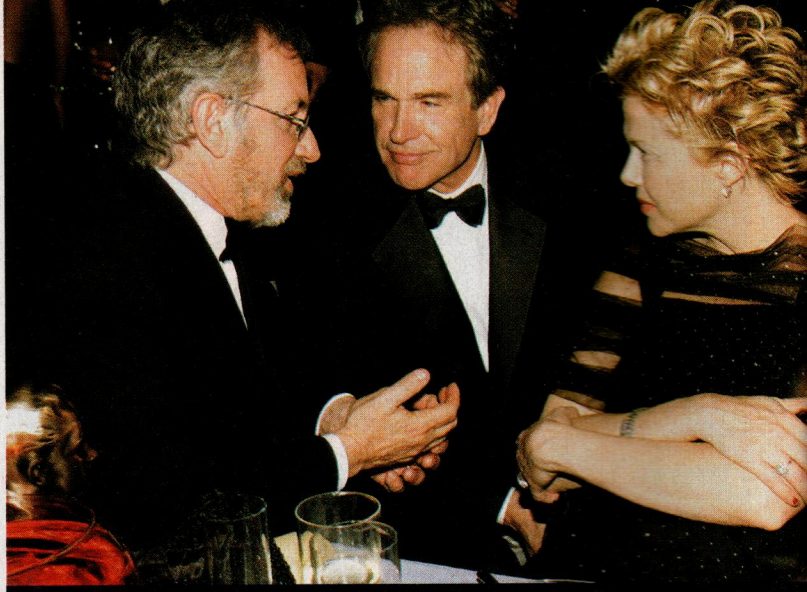
squinted into TV lights as she entered Crustacean restaurant for a benefit to clean up Santa Monica Bay. "Being here," she said, "is certainly a perk." Accompanied by her personal manager, Conger made the rounds like everybody else. No matter that she was turned away from the *Vanity Fair* shindig; IN STYLE let her celebrate with their crowd across the street.

The first stop for many partygoers was the academy's annual Board of Governors affair at the Shrine Auditorium, where swirling images of clouds and flames were projected onto a canvas draped from the ceiling. After enduring the painfully long, slow telecast, Best Actress Hilary Swank, rubbing elbows with Ashley Judd, Samuel L. Jackson, Michael Caine, Faye Dunaway and 1,600 other guests, was ready for the spread of salmon, roast chicken, caviar and—the envelope, please—Oscar-shaped matzos. Swank could always have feasted on Winona Ryder's praise: the actress, said Ryder, gave "one of the most important performances I've seen in years." But Ryder came out mostly for *Girl, Interrupted* co-star Angelina Jolie, who won Best Supporting Actress. "I'm thrilled," said Ryder about Jolie's victory. "I definitely cried."

The End of the Affair's Julianne Moore, who lost to Swank, mused about an actress's greatest challenge: how to react when the cameras are on your face and your name isn't called. "It's ridiculously hard," she said. "It's like a game show. You just try to stay calm and have a normal expression." There was nothing normal about Lance Bass's first Oscar experience. The *NSYNC teen throb, who sang "The Music of My Heart" with Gloria Estefan, felt a little out of sync onstage. "We were totally out of our element," he said, "'cause our fans weren't there like we're used to in the balcony."

Over at 8800 Melrose Avenue, where Elton John threw a joint celebration with IN STYLE magazine to benefit his AIDS foundation, Backstreet Boy Kevin Richardson was not nearly as discombobulated as Bass. Seated with *The Nanny*'s Fran Drescher and tennis ace Martina Navratilova, he spent most of the evening kissing his fiancée, Kristin Willits. "She's the one that knocked my hat in the creek," he said, before explaining the idiom: "That's a Kentucky quote." Between smooches, the couple talked to Farrah Fawcett among a crowd that included Jane Seymour, Bond girl Denise Richards, Elizabeth Hurley (there without Hugh Grant) and Robin Williams. Elsewhere in the room, *Ally McBeal*'s Dyan Cannon, undulating to the groove, danced to techno music.

Things were jumping as well at Miramax's party inside the Polo Lounge, the pink-and-green watering hole of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Guests included Ann-Margret, Jane Fonda, *The Practice*'s Dylan McDermott and



"Great, great, great!" Steven Spielberg (left, with Warren Beatty and Annette Bening at the Governors Ball) was overheard crowing after his studio won the *Beauty* pageant.

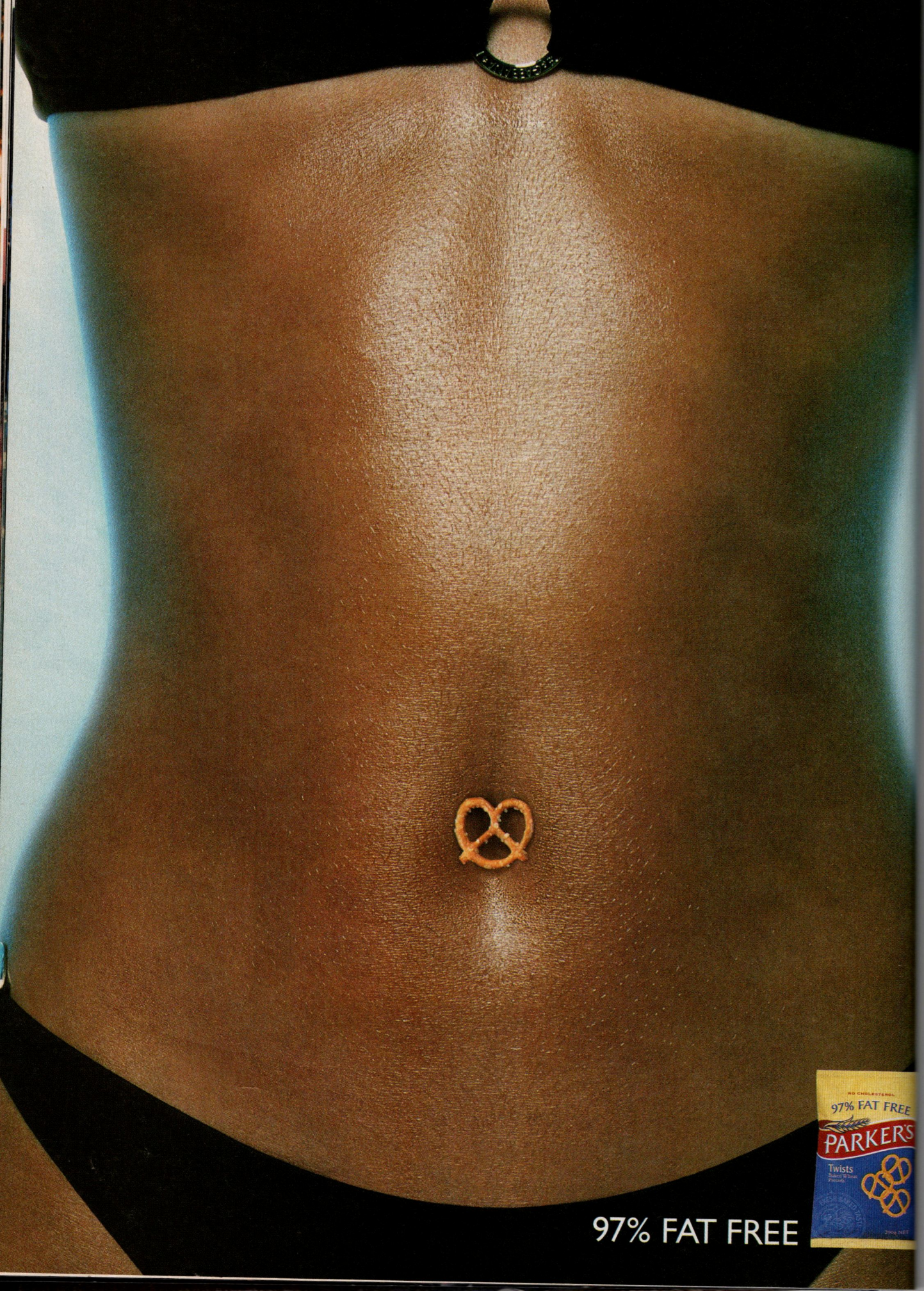
Elle Macpherson (right) paired up with the equally leggy Liz Hurley at the *Vanity Fair* party. Earlier, Gwyneth Paltrow had said: "I'll take any advice from Elle Macpherson that I can get. I'm not an idiot."

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: FRED PROUSER/REUTERS; GLOBE/AUSTRAL; PWP IMAGES; REUTERS; ALLSTAR/GRAHAM WHITBY BOOT/PICTURE MEDIA

Rocker-actress Courtney Love turned up at the *Vanity Fair* party after watching the show from home with daughter Frances Bean, 7.

Very good friends Jennifer Aniston and Brad Pitt, she in a Lawrence Steele gown, he tie to toe in Yves Saint Laurent, made a night of it at *Vanity Fair*'s fete.

Though he didn't win for *The Sixth Sense*, Haley Joel Osment (at the Governors Ball) sees good things in the future. He is co-starring with Oscar best man Spacey in the upcoming *Pay It Forward*. "We're halfway done," Osment says of the film.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The Way I Looked That Night

Stars retrace the (sometimes bumpy) path to the red carpet

1 SOPHIA LOREN

"The night I won my first Oscar—in 1962 [Best Actress for *Two Women*]—I was in Rome because I hadn't the courage to face the Los Angeles ceremonies. Because of the time difference, I started listening to the radio after midnight, with my husband, Carlo Ponti, in the living room. I was wearing a flannel dressing gown of his, quite large and ordinary, because I was cold. At 6.30 AM, when I was dying with sleep, the telephone rang. It was Cary Grant congratulating me: I had won the precious Oscar. I kept jumping up and down, laughing and crying. Only then I realised the shabby clothes in which an Oscar winner was going around, receiving friends and phone calls. I made up properly and wore a nice sweater and velvet grey trousers, renewing once in a while my lipstick consumed by so many kisses. When my second Oscar, for my career, was given to me in 1991, I was in LA, and I decided to attend. Valentino created a splendid evening dress, black, interwoven with sequins. The night of the ceremony, at home, the zipper didn't work and I was near to a nerve crisis because nobody seemed able to repair it. Finally my housekeeper made the miracle, and I wore my beautiful dress. I still gratefully remember that girl, who was the unknowing instrument of one of the happiest and brightest nights of my life."

1

SOPHIA LOREN, 1991
Honorary Award winner for career achievement

PHIL ROACH/IPOL

The Way I Looked That Night

2 Joan Cusak

"I wore a Richard Tyler dress, navy blue, with a slit on one side and a sheer navy blue coat with embroidery on the bottom. Richard Tyler had made my wedding dress, so I knew I liked the simplicity of his tailoring. That's really the challenge—if you're a casual person, how do you dress up that much and still feel like you look like yourself? I wore a pendant necklace from Fred Leighton and a diamond brooch in my hair. I wasn't crazy about my hair ... My parents, my husband [Internet lawyer Dick Burke] and I sat in the front row, which was really exciting. They always do Best Supporting Actress first [Kim Basinger won for *L.A. Confidential*], which is nice in some ways because you're not waiting all night. Afterward I tried to go to one party, but there was a limo traffic jam, so I went home and celebrated with my family instead."

3 Raquel Welch

"I was living in New York and doing *Woman of the Year* on Broadway. Norma Kamali did all my clothes for the show and she's a great friend anyway. I wore her designs almost exclusively then. She showed me this very simple black dress. I thought it was great. It was very close to the body, but with no cleavage or anything. Even the sleeves came way down past the wrist. Then I had this wonderful, very dramatic choker of amethyst and jet beads, with drops that came down over the clavicle. It looked really pretty because I had very short hair. I felt I had found a new style away from the big mane of hair I wore during my sex-symbol years. So I was really happy about that ... To me it was a really perfect thing. I never wore that dress again. But it's in the closet where I keep things I just love."

4 Lorraine Bracco

"In a magazine I saw a white dress by Valentino with silver beaded writing that said PEACE in different languages and I asked him to make me a version ... The dress fit like a glove. Instead of writing, he had put on beautiful silver and grey beads that looked like roses. He made me fabulous gloves with the same pattern and his staff got me shoes and arranged for Van Cleef & Arpels to loan me jewellery. I didn't win [Whoopi Goldberg did, for *Ghost*], but the dress, gloves and jewellery were perfect! It was the first time in my life I felt like the princess every little girl dreams of. The dress is the most beautiful I own. Now my two girls [Margaux, 20, and Stella, 14] fight over who's going to get it. It fits Margaux beautifully. But the best part is that I still fit into it! That gives me more pleasure than the whole thing put together."

5 Jennifer Beals

"I went to a store and chose this Norma Kamali dress because it had the Grecian-fantasy fold thing going for it. It was two pieces—a sheath and a piece that went over it. It was very comfortable, like wearing pyjamas, albeit with high heels. Getting ready for such an event, you just try to stay relaxed. You know it's going to last all night so you have to pace yourself. I got dressed at a friend's. A make-up artist came and did his thing and did my hair as well, but I didn't like it. I remember, backstage, wetting my hair and changing it. What I was most excited about was that an elephant was going to hand me the envelope, because *A Passage to India* was a Costume Design nominee. My whole demeanour changed as soon as the elephant came onstage. I felt like a little kid ... It was a lot of fun."

L TO R: LISA ROSE/GLOBE/AUSTRAL; SCOTT DOWNIE/CELEBRITY PHOTO/SCOPE FEATURES; RALPH DOMINGUEZ/GLOBE/AUSTRAL; PHIL ROACH/IPOL

Joan Cusak
1998 Best Supporting Actress nominee, *In & Out*

3

RAQUEL WELCH
1983 Presenter
Documentary Awards

4

LORRAINE BRACCO
1991 Best Supporting Actress
nominee, *GoodFellas*

5

JENNIFER BEALS
1985 Presenter
Costume Design

6 Olivia de Havilland

"My dress was pale blue organza, with a tight bodice and a full skirt [and] a garland of hand-painted, multicoloured flowers across the bodice. Before the Awards, Charlie Brackett, who produced *To Each His Own*, gave a dinner featuring a glorious Virginia ham with Madeira sauce. When he served it, he liberally sprinkled my dress. It was the most extraordinary accident imaginable. Fortunately most of the sauce fell on the garland. But I did go to the presentation reeking of Madeira. My award was one of the last. When I started down the aisle, I had to swim like a salmon upstream against a flood of MGM executives, led by none other than Louis B. Mayer, who had lost interest. Mr Mayer could have waited. But tycoons are not always that sensitive."

7 Kathleen Quinlan

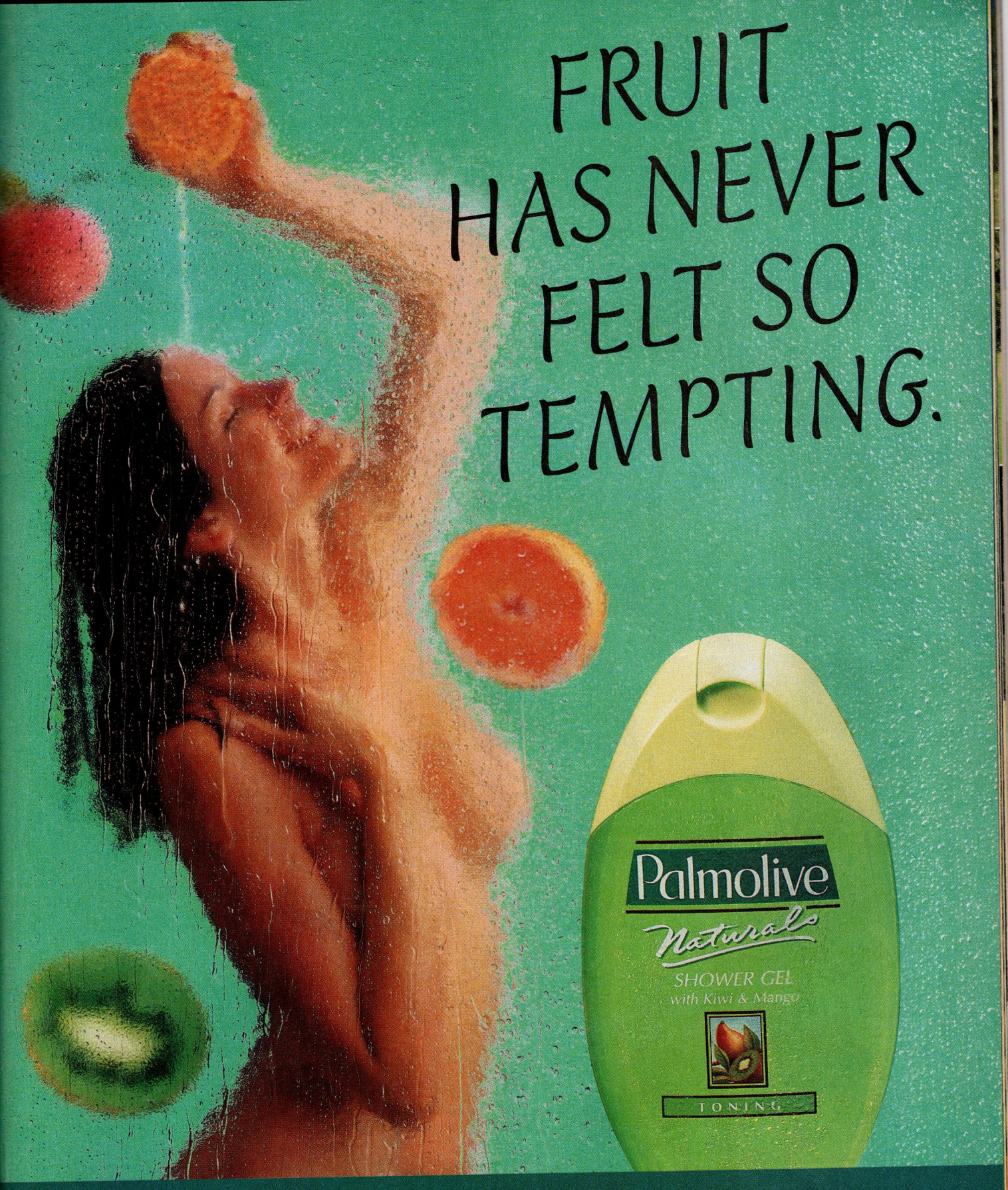
"I wore a very simple, elegant Pamela Barish pewter cut-velvet dress with a drop back. I wanted classical elegance and that's what I loved about it. The day of the Oscars, I was filming underwater [in the Bahamas]. I pulled off my wetsuit, threw on some clothes, went to the airport ... had my hair done and threw on my dress—all in a matter of hours. The Oscars were great fun—it was my first time—but completely overwhelming. [Mira Sorvino of *Mighty Aphrodite* won the Oscar.] Everyone's yelling and screaming. I later gave the dress to the amfAR [charity] auction."

6

Olivia de Havilland
1947 Best Actress winner, *To Each His Own*

7

Kathleen Quinlan
1996 Best Supporting Actress, nominee, *Apollo 13*



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The Way I Looked That Night

SALLY KELLERMAN
1971 Best Supporting Actress nominee, *M*A*S*H*

8 SALLY KELLERMAN

"I had an old friend, costume designer Don Feld, make this champagne chiffon gown. It looked terrific. But two weeks before the Awards, I went to Mexico on vacation and lost weight. Don said, 'I'm taking it in. If you have any problems at the Oscars, a seamstress friend of mine is on the second floor. Call her up.' The night came and I put the dress on backstage. Instead of being a V neck, the V went on the outside of my breasts! We called the woman, and she sewed it somehow—she was barely able to get it over my breasts. I lost to Helen Hayes in *Airport* that night, but I presented an award, and I was like a wooden Indian because if I moved I would have lifted right out of the dress. It certainly caused a fuss. But now, everybody's dress is practically falling off. I guess I was just ahead of my time."

9 RITA MORENO

"I was in Manila filming before the ceremony. When I met with a designer there, Jose Moreno [no relation], I spotted some beautiful fabrics with interwoven metallic threads and thought, 'What can we do with this?' I really designed the dress myself. We used a black silk faille with embroidered large orange-and-gold chrysanthemums on the skirt. For the bodice, I made him do a bateau neckline. I wore my hair in a chignon with bangs and added gold filigree combs from Manila. My dress was gorgeous but difficult to wear. The lining was so stiff that every time I sat down, the skirt popped up to my chin. I had to keep my hands in my lap to hold it down. And it was so rough—my hose were in shreds and my legs were terribly scratched up! When I took off this gorgeous gown, I looked like a bag lady!"

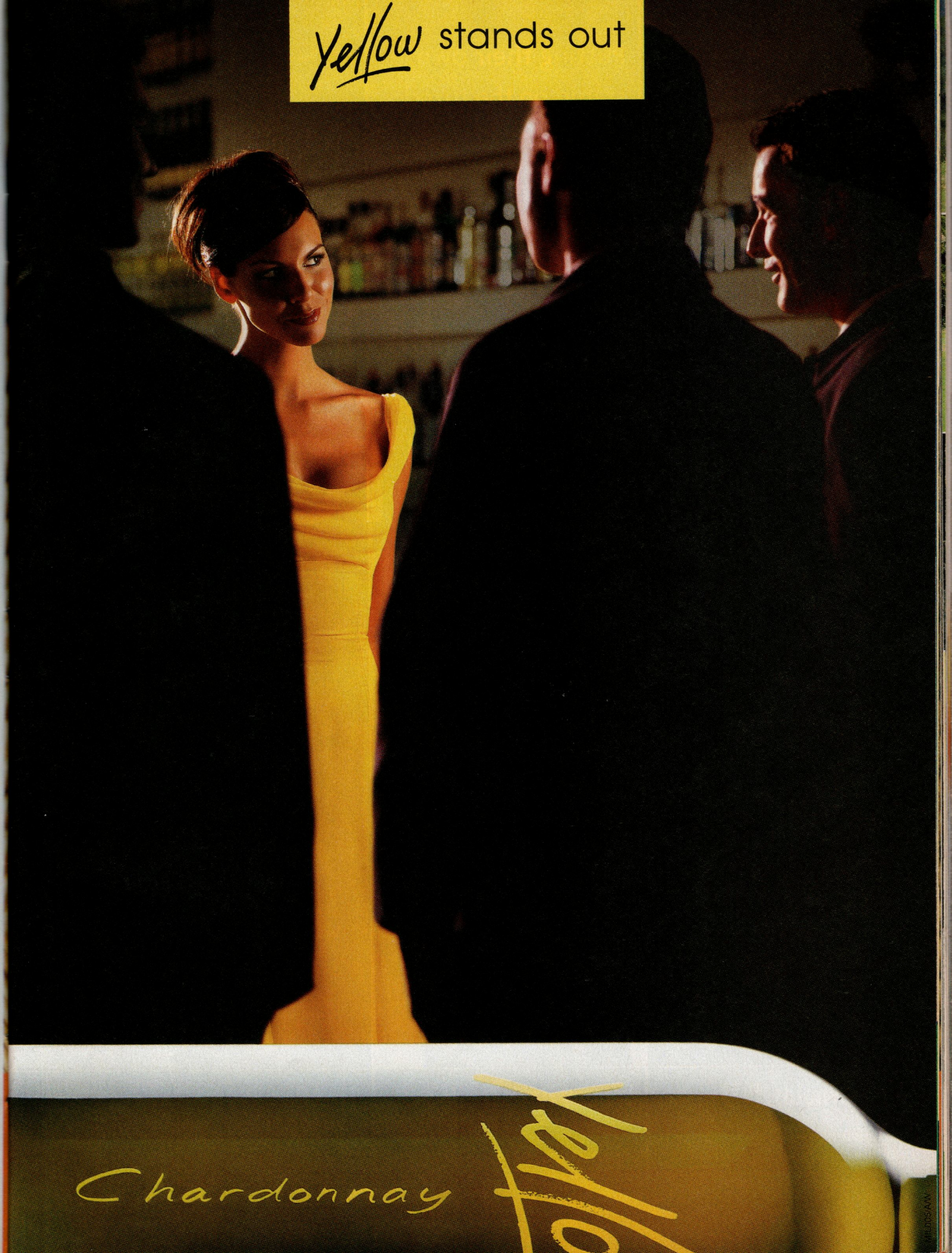
RITA MORENO
1962 Best Supporting Actress winner, *West Side Story*

EVA MARIE SAINT
1955 Best Supporting Actress winner, *On the Waterfront*

10 EVA MARIE SAINT

"My first child was due two days after the Awards. Because I had a tummy, I called Anne Klein, who had done my clothes for a TV series. She made me what they used to call a kangaroo skirt—where your tummy is, there was just a big hole, and above it, the skirt tied with a drawstring. A long jacket covered the top of the skirt. I felt wonderful. It was glamorous and you don't usually feel glamorous when you're about to give birth. My husband [director Jeffrey Hayden] was worried because I was due so soon. When I gave birth two days later, the room was filled with flowers for the baby and flowers for the Oscar. People said, 'Are you going to name him Oscar?' and I said, 'God, no. His name is D-a-r-r-e-l-l.' "

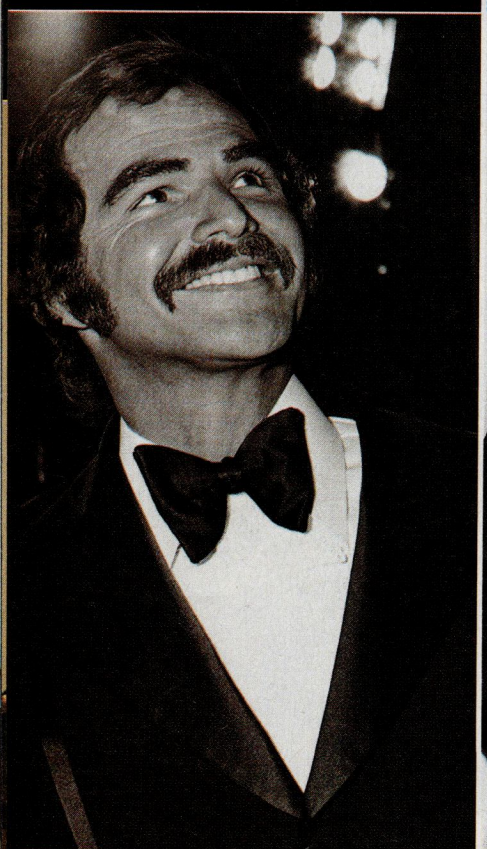
CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: PHIL ROACH/FOL; © ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURES ARTS & SCIENCES; DARLENE HAMMOND/ARCHIVE PHOTO/AUSTRALIAN PICTURE LIBRARY


Yellow stands out
Chardonnay
Yellow

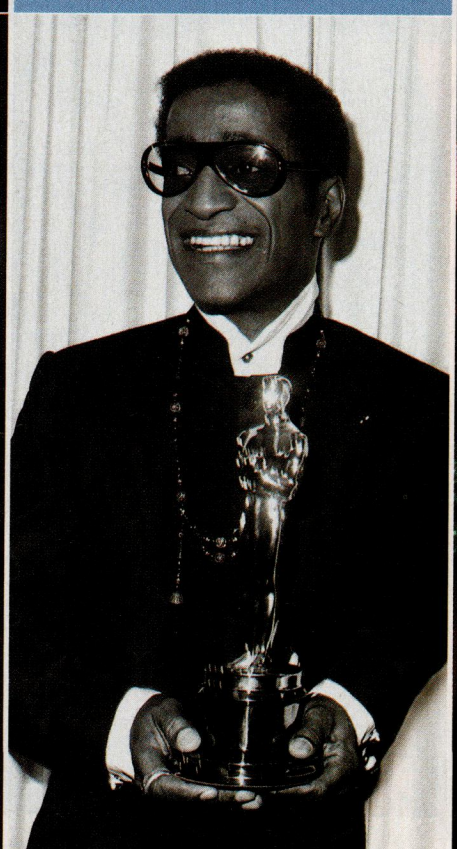
Putting their own stamp on the tuxedo, these actors show that black tie isn't just a formality

Men in Uniform

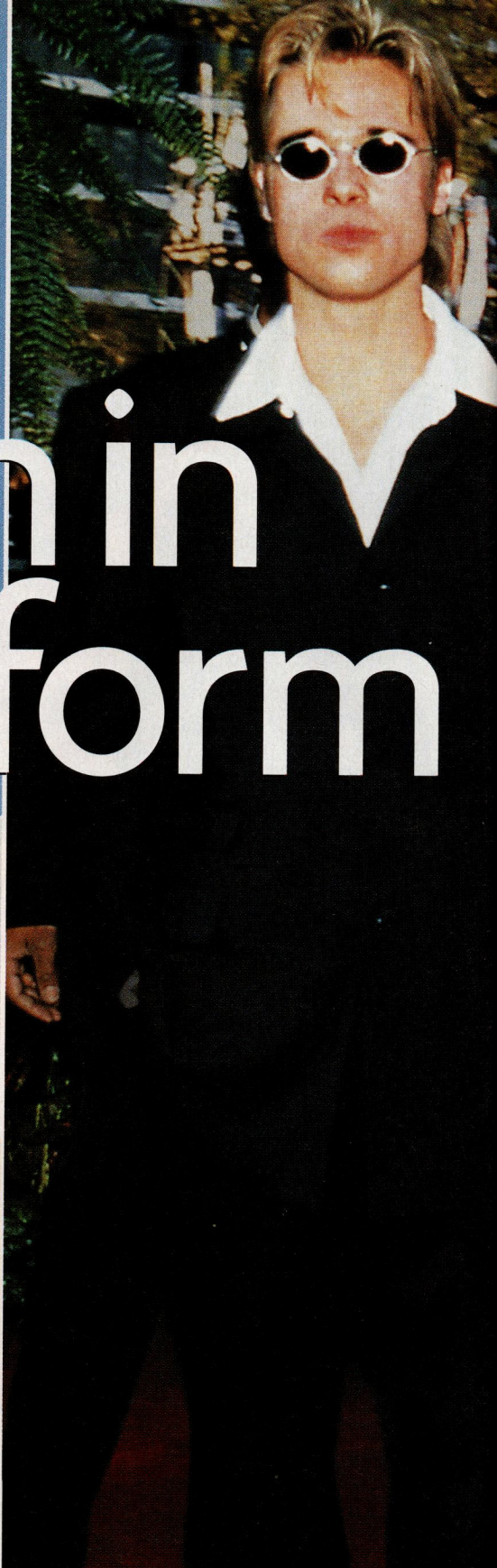
Clark Gable, 1954 As if his *Mogambo* co-star Grace Kelly were not accessory enough, Gable added further dash with a silk scarf.



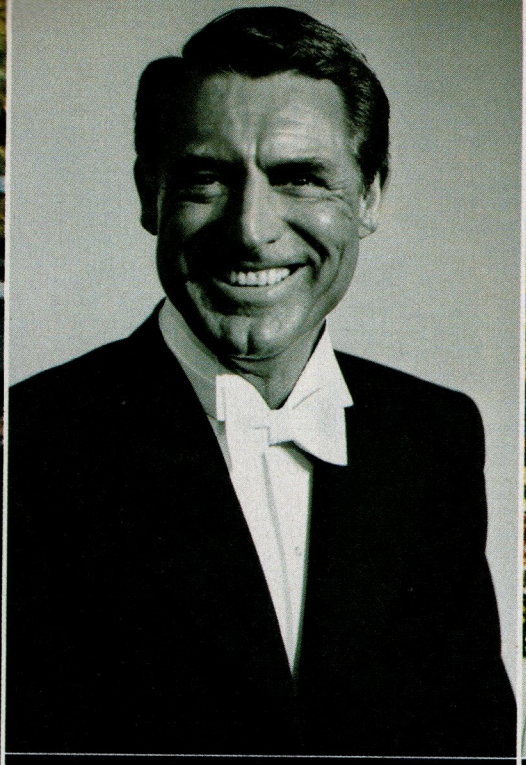
Burt Reynolds, 1973 One of the evening's emcees, he matched his lush sideburns and moustache with rich fabrics and a king-size collar.



Sammy Davis Jr, 1968 For Best Song (*Doctor Dolittle*'s "Talk to the Animals"), he grooved in a velvet Nehru jacket and love beads.



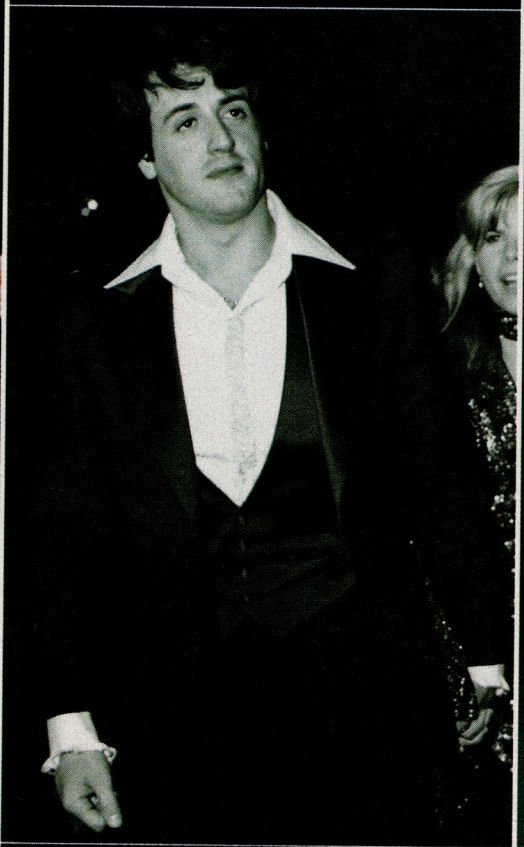
Brad Pitt, 1996
With an open collar beneath his Richard Tyle tux, the *12 Monkeys* nominee "opened the wa for a new generation of black tie," says Tyler



Cary Grant, 1958 Teaming a crisp tie with a sharp tux, he introduced Ingrid Bergman onstage, her first Hollywood public appearance since 1949.

Billy Bob Thornton, 1997 The *Sling Blade* screenplay winner's Hugo Boss tux and string tie was a "tribute to Gary Cooper in *High Noon*."

Marlon Brando, 1955 The *On the Waterfront* winner was wearing the '50s version of the young man's bow tie.

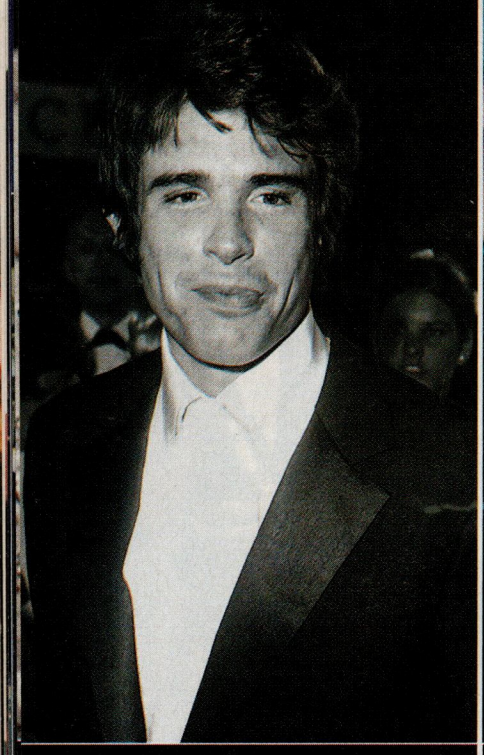


Sylvester Stallone, 1977 When his film won Best Picture honours, the *Rocky* star KO'd a tie but added a ruffled cuff at his wrist.

Mel Gibson, 1996 "Mel [with his *Braveheart* Oscars] wanted to honour his own clan by wearing his family's tartan," says Giorgio Armani.

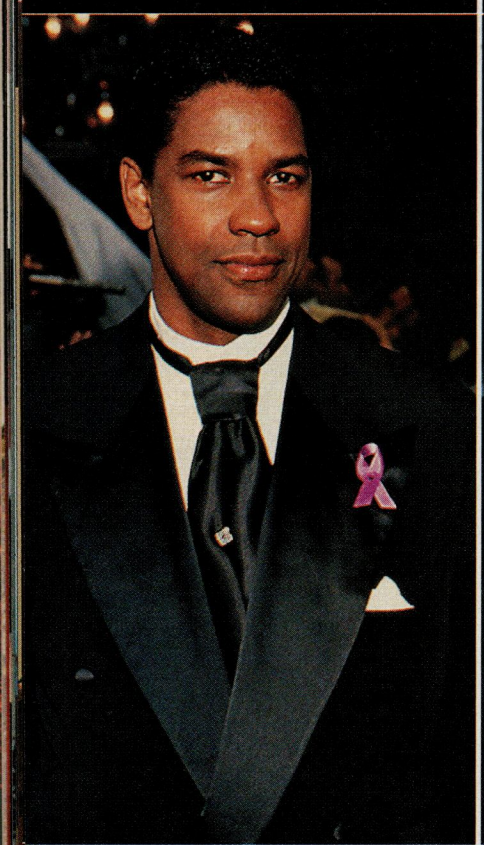
Frank Sinatra, 1954 To collect the Oscar for Best Supporting Actor (*From Here to Eternity*), Frank went all the way.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: EDWARD CLARK/LIFE; KEVIN MAZUR; FOTOS INTERNATIONAL/ARCHIVE PHOTOS/APL; FITZROY BARRETT/GLOBE/AUSTRAL; MURRAY GARRETT/ARCHIVE PHOTO/APL (2); TOM RODRIGUEZ/GLOBE AUSTRAL; FOTOS INTERNATIONA/ARCHIVE PHOTOS/APL (3)



Warren Beatty, 1968 The *Bonnie and Clyde* nominee's white-on-white look was theatrical, says formal wear exec Ray Gorecki.

Tom Hanks, 1995 Why the banded collar? "At one point we all wore them," says *E!*'s *Fashion Emergency* co-host Leon Hall.



Denzel Washington, 1993 The *Malcolm X* nominee said he adorned his tux with a purple ribbon "to bring attention to urban violence."

Jack Nicholson, 1972 The Best Picture presenter was the essence of hip with a mod shirt printed with a women motif.

Robin Williams, 1998 Accepting his Best Supporting Actor Oscar for *Good Will Hunting*, the comedian joked that his below-the-knee tuxedo jacket was "Amish Armani."

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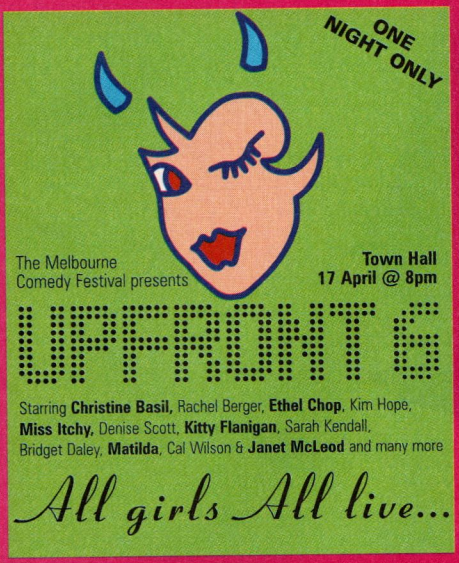

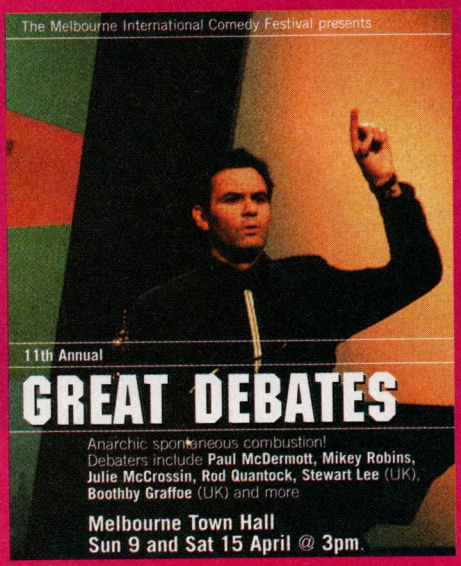

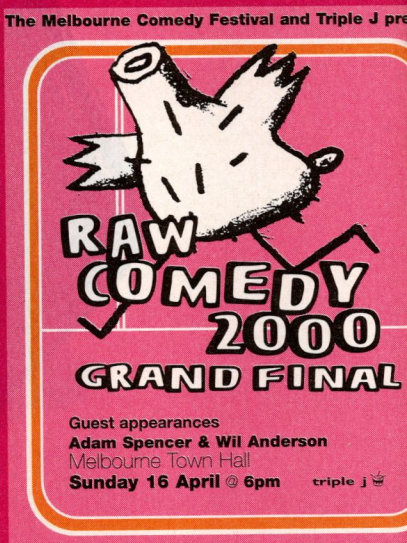

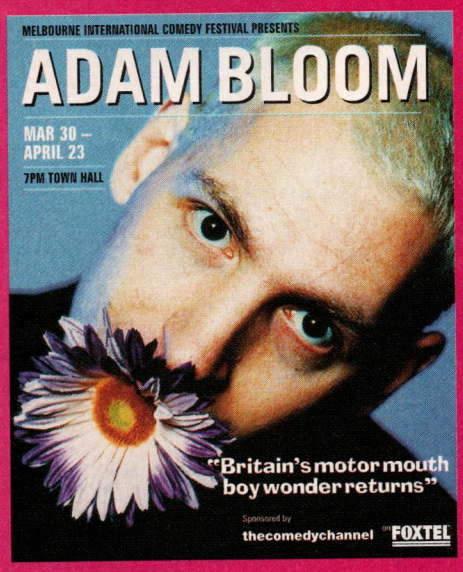

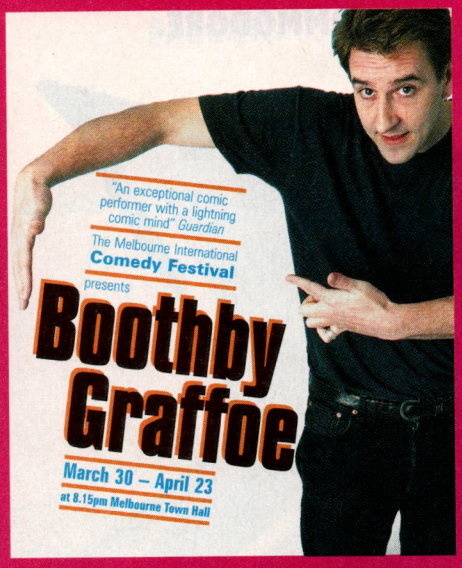

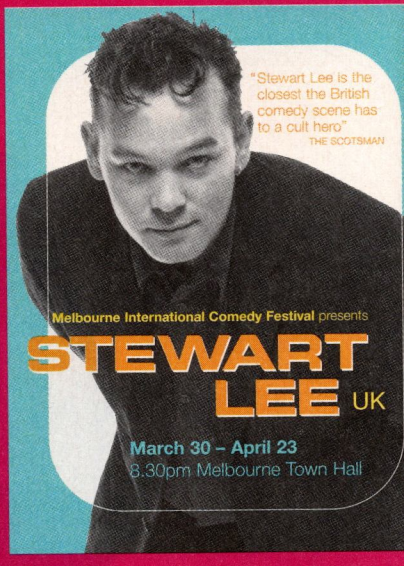

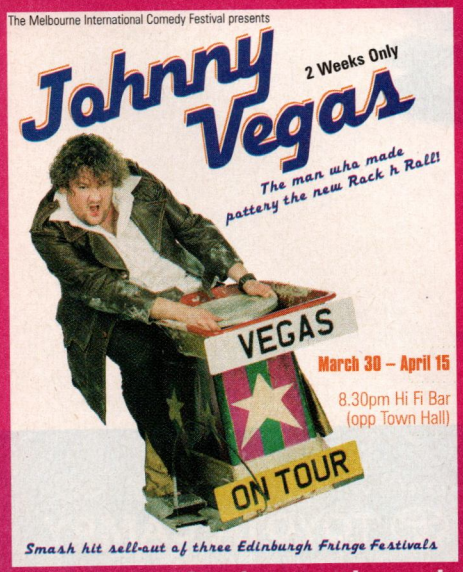

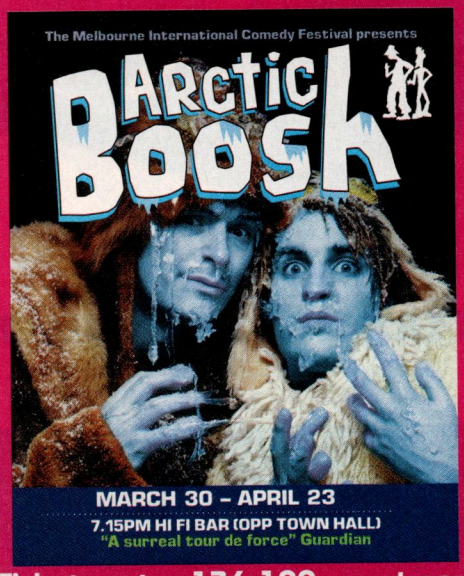

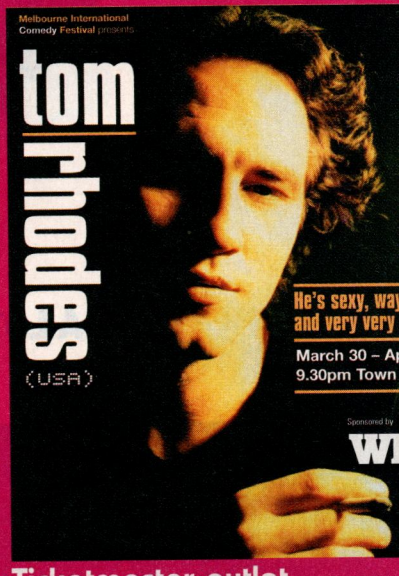

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Lucky Black Dresses

Gowns come in many colours, but it's most often a woman in black who mines gold

JESSICA LANGE, 1995 Best Actress. The *Blue Sky* winner chose this Calvin Klein gown after Klein sent over sketches.

CLORIS LEACHMAN, 1972 Best Supporting Actress. *The Last Picture Show* star feared tripping in her Galanos dress.

CHER, 1988 Best Actress. Cher collected her *Moonstruck* award in a Bob Mackie original nothing short of eye-popping.

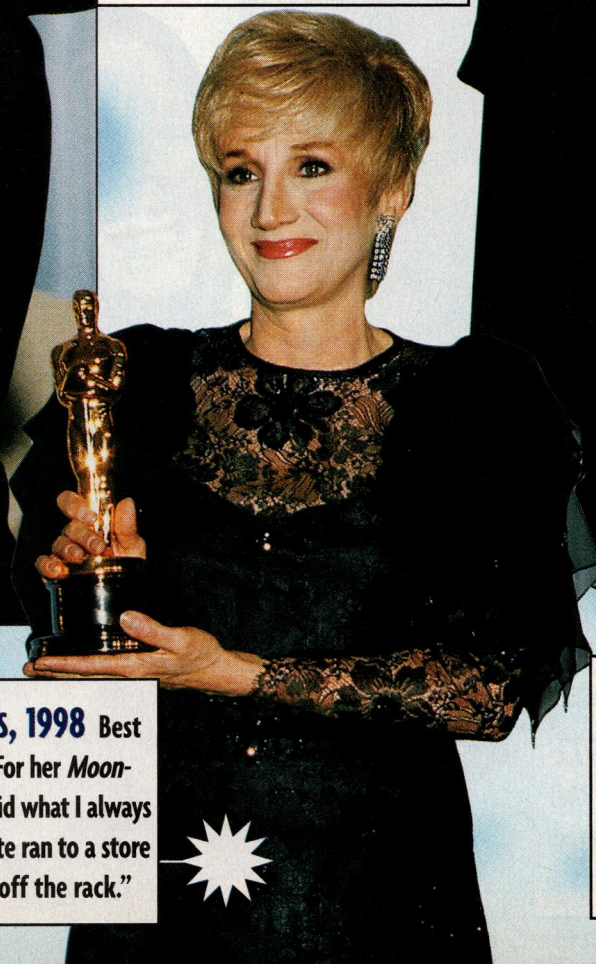
FROM LEFT: JIM SMEAL/GALELLA; AP/AAP; NEAL PETERS COLLECTION

Lucky Black Dresses

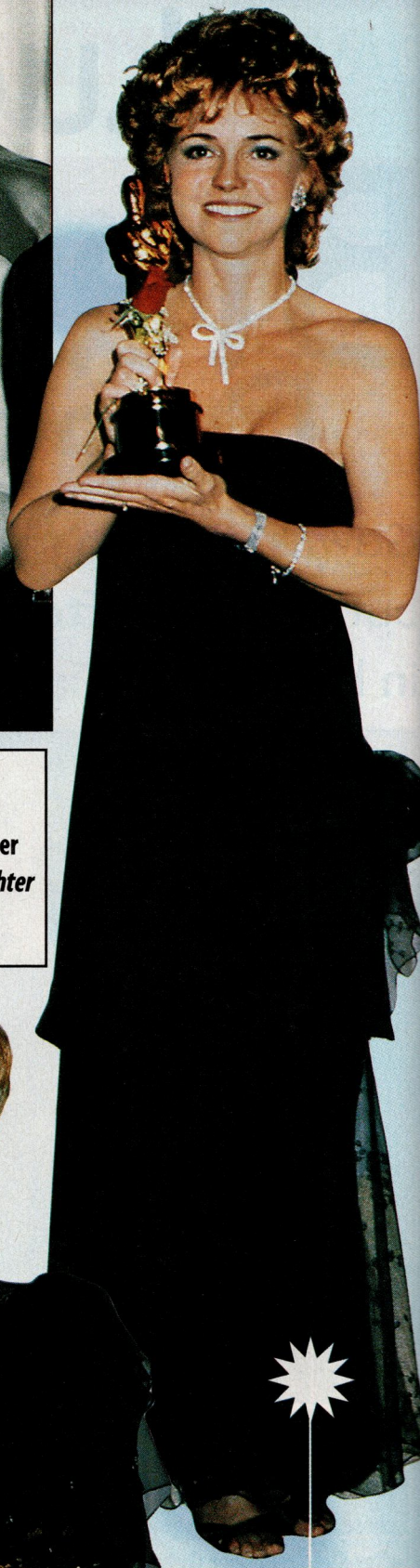
Faye Dunaway, 1977 Best Actress. The *Network* star's satin ensemble was by Geoffrey Beene: "For her to wear pants in the evening was so modern."

Estelle Parsons, 1968 Best Supporting Actress. "I was a good-looking woman and had a good-looking figure," says the *Bonnie and Clyde* star of her decision to wear a $30 frock. "So what the hell."

Sissy Spacek, 1981 Best Actress. Spacek traded her flashy C&W *Coal Miner's Daughter* duds for elegant trousers.



Olympia Dukakis, 1998 Best Supporting Actress. For her *Moonstruck* win, Dukakis "did what I always did: [at] the last minute ran to a store and bought a dress off the rack."



Sally Field, 1985 Best Actress. For her "You like me!" speech, the *Places in the Heart* winner wore a jersey gown.

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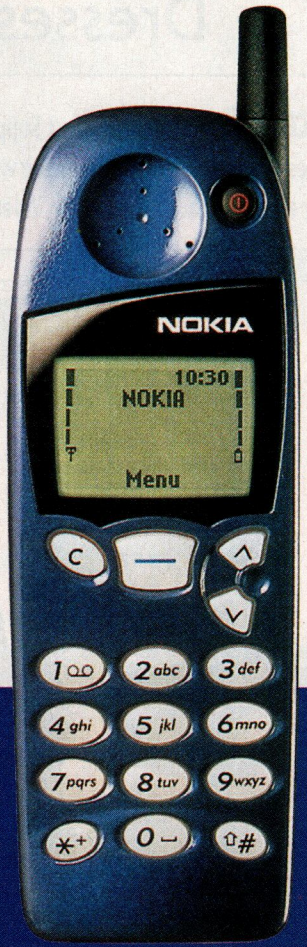

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Lucky Black Dresses

MERCEDES RUEHL, 1992 Best Supporting Actress. For luck, *The Fisher King* winner wore a green scarab under her Valentino.

KATHY BATES, 1991 Best Actress. The *Misery* star looked the opposite of her overweight, plain film appearance.

SIMONE SIGNORET, 1960 Best Actress. The *Room at the Top* star (with Rock Hudson) could have used some double-sided tape to keep her sleeves up.

VANESSA REDGRAVE, 1978 Best Supporting Actress. The *Julia* star sparked protests with her acceptance speech's reference to "Zionist hoodlums," but kept her clothes conservative.

HOLLY HUNTER, 1994 Best Actress. Scoring for *The Piano*, she described the look of her Vera Wang dress as "punk Hindu."

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: PHIL ROACH/IPOL; FRANK TRAPPER/CORBIS-SYGMA/AUSTRAL; NEAL PETERS COLLECTION; PAUL LEANDER/CORBIS/SCOPE FEATURES; PHIL ROACH/IPOL

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Growing up at the Oscars

Jodie Foster's transformation from tomboy to tastemaker took a few years of practice—and a little help from her friend Giorgio Armani

1977 In *Taxi Driver*, Jodie strutted in hot pants and a halter top. But on Oscar night, the 14-year-old Best Supporting Actress nominee acted her age, facing the cameras in schoolgirl style. "I never want to grow up," she said later that year.

1978 For her first stint as a presenter, Foster, then 15, chose a blue velvet pantsuit with a tasselled belt. "I wear things that are comfortable," she said at the time. "And I don't give a hang about fashion."

1989 Even before she knew she was a Best Actress contender, for *The Accused*, Foster, 26, saw this strapless gown hanging in the window of a boutique in Rome and bought it on the spot.

1990 By the time she returned to present the Best Actor award, 1989's winning actress had discovered Giorgio Armani. "Jodie was game for a new look," says the designer, who continues to dress her to this day.

1991 "This appeared to be a pretty daring choice for her," says Armani of his revealing gold suit that Foster wore to present the screenplay awards. "But in fact the jacket construction was impeccably snug to her body."

1997 Presenting the screenplay awards in an ice blue Armani jacket and pants, Foster reminded the designer "a little bit of Marlene Dietrich," he says. "She was dazzling on the red carpet."

1992
When Foster picked up her second Best Actress Oscar, for *The Silence of the Lambs*, she left the fashion details to Armani, who created her pink grosgrain jacket and beaded pants. "Jodie's standard line is, 'Just tell me what I'm going to wear,' " he says.

1993 The black strapless gown that Foster wore to present the Best Actor award "came straight from the runway in Milan," says Armani. "Ready for modern-day movie star glamour."

1995
Nominated for the fourth time, for *Nell*, Foster chose a sophisticated beaded Armani that prompted *Women's Wear Daily* to rave "Va-Va-Voom!" "It's one of our all-time favourites," says the designer.

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: PHIL ROACH/IPOL (5); ARCHIVE PHOTO/AUSTRALIAN PICTURE LIBRARY; STEVE GRANITZ/RETNA/AUSTRALIAN PICTURE LIBRARY; JOHN M. MANTEL/SIPA PRESS/SYDNEY FREELANCE; PAUL SMITH/FEATUREFLASH/ HITPIC PRESS

OSCAR DRESSES

Where

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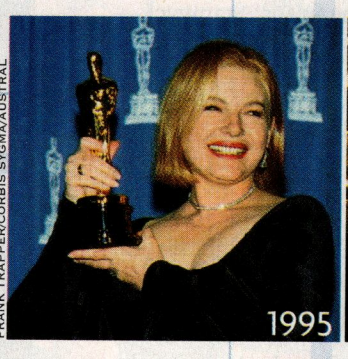

FRANK TRAPPER/CORBIS SYGMA/AUSTRAL

SCOTT DOWNIE/CELEBRITY PHOTO/SCOPE FEATURES

Dianne Wiest's daughter Emily, 12 (far left), can't wait until she has an occasion to wear the romantic velvet ballgown her mum wore when she received her first Best Supporting Actress award (for the Woody Allen comedy *Hannah and Her Sisters*) in 1987. "She'd like to wear it now," says Wiest, 54. "I'm sure she's thinking of it for her prom." But the actress admits that not everyone loved the Donald Brooks design at the time. "Woody hated it!" she says with a laugh. "He said, 'You can't wear that! It's got those poufy sleeves!' " Still, Wiest says, she "felt like a princess" in the gown, and as designer Brooks points out, "it brought with it good luck for her." So, apparently, did the Donna Karan ensemble Wiest wore eight years later to pick up her second Best Supporting Actress Oscar (for Allen's *Bullets Over Broadway*). She says she's saving that one for her younger daughter, Lily, 8 (centre): "Someone asked for the dresses for charity, but I said, 'No, I have two dresses and two daughters. If I had a third, I'd give it!' "

Dianne Wiest's 1987 Donald Brooks
Black velvet ballgown with satin sleeves
Collection of the actress

Dianne Wiest's 1995 Donna Karan
Black taffeta ballgown with tulle underlayer and velvet shawl
Collection of the actress

Photograph by Gwendolen Cates/CPI

OSCAR DRESSES

Where Are They Now?

Barbara Stanwyck's 1982 Nolan Miller

Beaded silk dress

Collection of Nolan Miller

In 1982, when Barbara Stanwyck received an honorary Oscar for Lifetime Achievement "she was thrilled and couldn't believe it was happening," recalls Howard W. Koch, the show's producer that year. A few days after the event, Stanwyck—the star of classic films such as *Double Indemnity* and *Stella Dallas*—made an unexpected gift of her own. The actress, who died in 1990, returned the red beaded gown she'd worn that night to designer Nolan Miller (right). "In those days actresses still paid for their clothes," says Miller, who keeps the frock in mothballs at his LA warehouse. "But she said, 'The dress is so pretty, why don't you take it?' She used to call the Oscars 'a $5,000 night' because she had to buy a dress that she could never wear again."

PHIL ROACH/IPOL

Marlee Matlin's 1987 Theoni Aldredge

Lavender lace and silk gown

Collection of Libby Matlin

At 21, Marlee Matlin had an Academy Award (Best Actress in 1987 for *Children of a Lesser God*)—but nowhere to put it or the Theoni Aldredge dress she wore on Oscar night. "She didn't have her own place," explains Matlin's mother, Libby (right), a housewife. So Marlee stashed both mementos at her parents' suburban Chicago house. Matlin, now 34 and living in Los Angeles with her husband, Kevin Grandalski, who works in law enforcement, and daughter Sarah Rose, 4, has since reclaimed her statuette. But the gown still hangs in her father Don's closet, "along with her prom dress," Libby reports. "My mom and I have an unofficial arrangement," says Matlin. "I keep the Oscar and she keeps the dress. She takes it out every once in a while and shows it off." Just not too often. "I can't put it on display," says Libby, with a laugh. "She'd have my head!"

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LOS ANGELES DAILY NEWS/CORBIS SYGMA/AUSTRAL

Gloria Stuart's 1998 Escada

Blue satin couture evening suit

Collection of the actress

As Gloria Stuart learned after receiving a Best Supporting Actress nomination for *Titanic*, being a movie star has its perks. First Harry Winston lent her a $US20 million blue diamond necklace to wear to the ceremony, then the design house Escada gave her a custom-made satin evening ensemble that matched the colour of the gem. "It was one of the most amazing experiences," says the actress's daughter Sylvia Thompson, a writer. Today, though, the skirt looks like it survived the *Titanic*. Stuart kept it in a storeroom at her Los Angeles home, where a rodent "tore apart the whole bottom," sighs the actress. Fortunately, Stuart wasn't planning on wearing it again—"I could wear it as a tea-length skirt," she notes, "but I don't want to"—and says she will eventually donate the two-piece outfit to charity. And though she lost out to Kim Basinger (*L.A. Confidential*), the 89-year-old actress still cherishes the memory. "I felt euphoric that night," she says. "It was what I had always wished for—and finally achieved."

Photograph by Mark Seliger/Reflex

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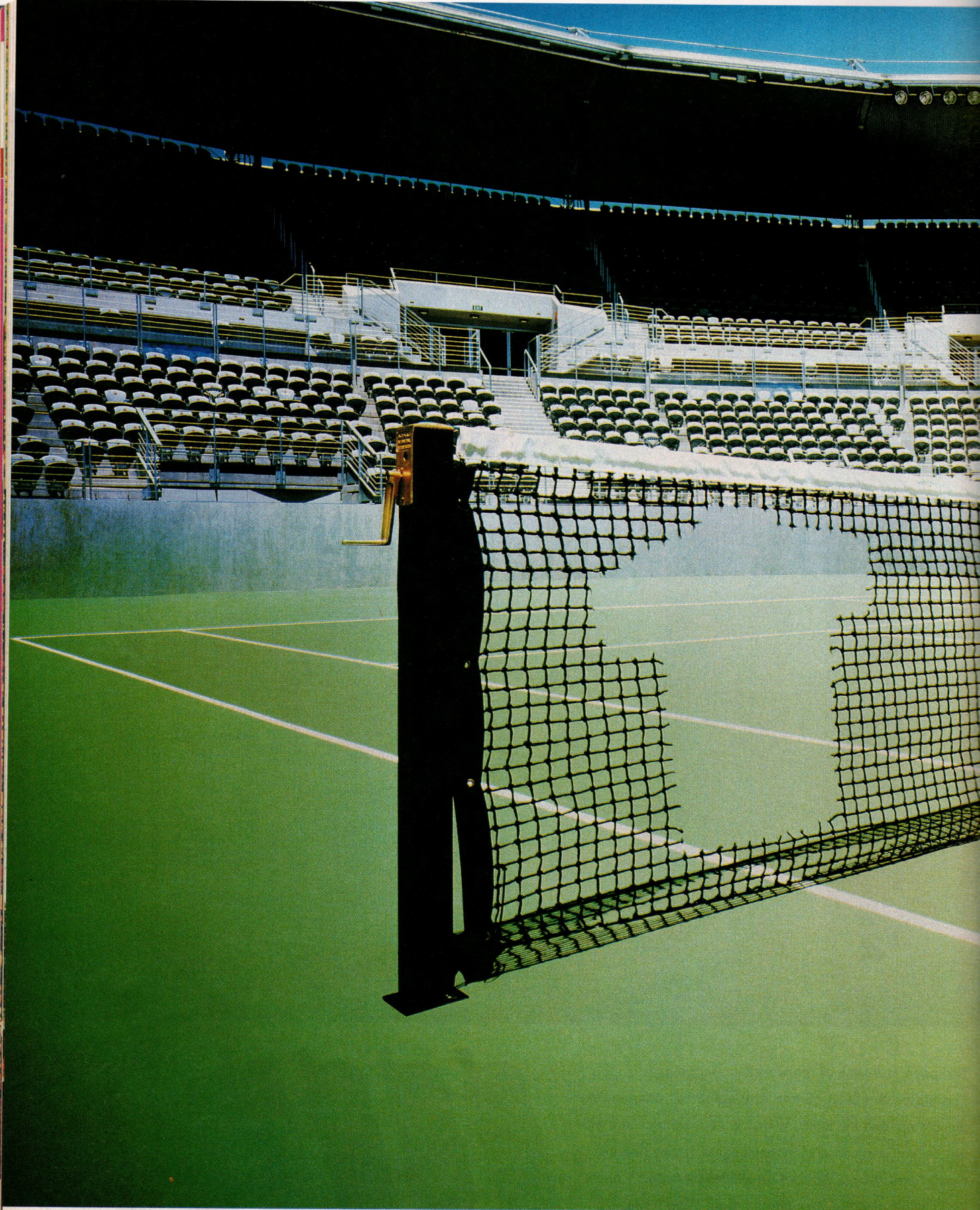

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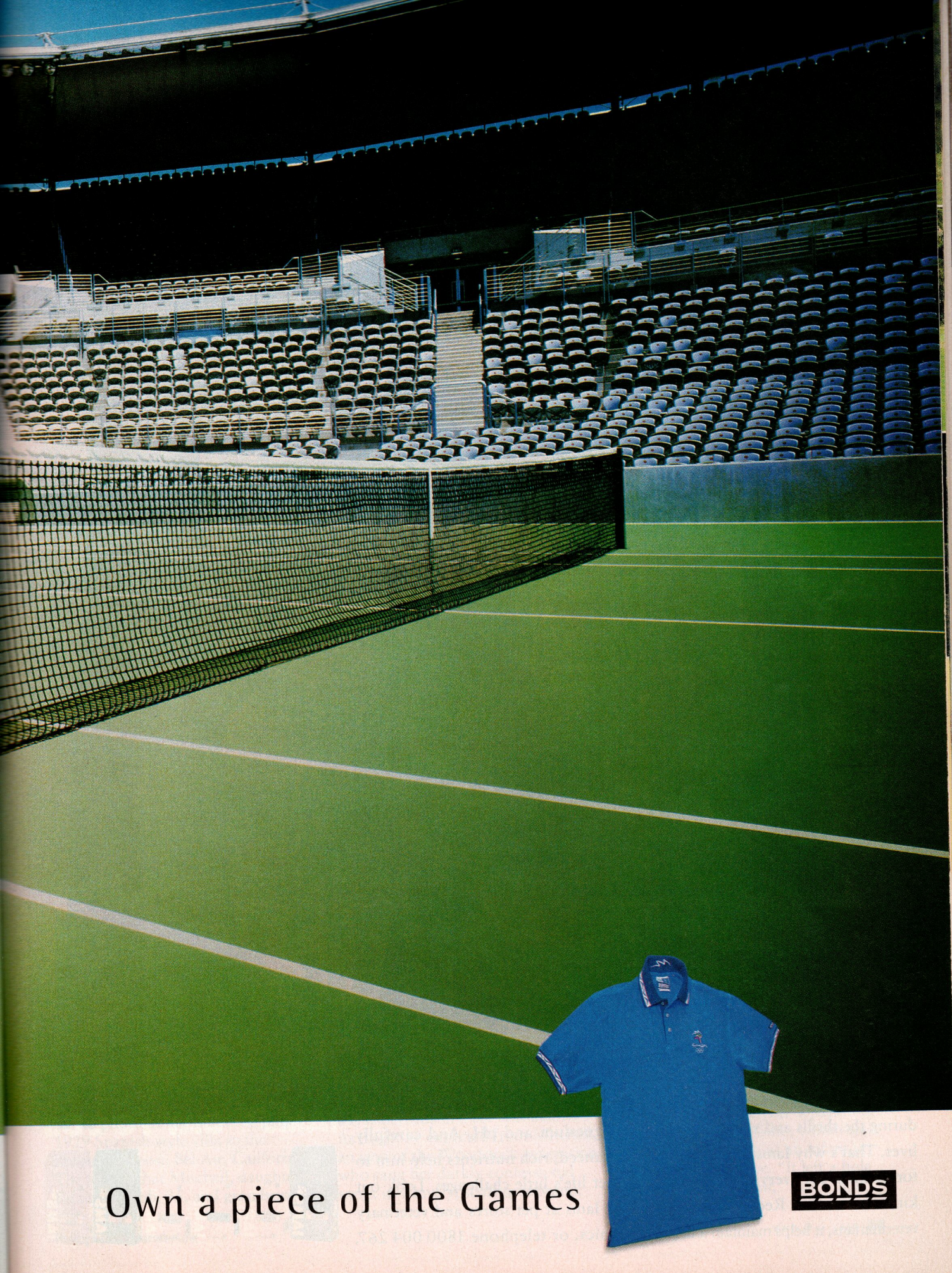
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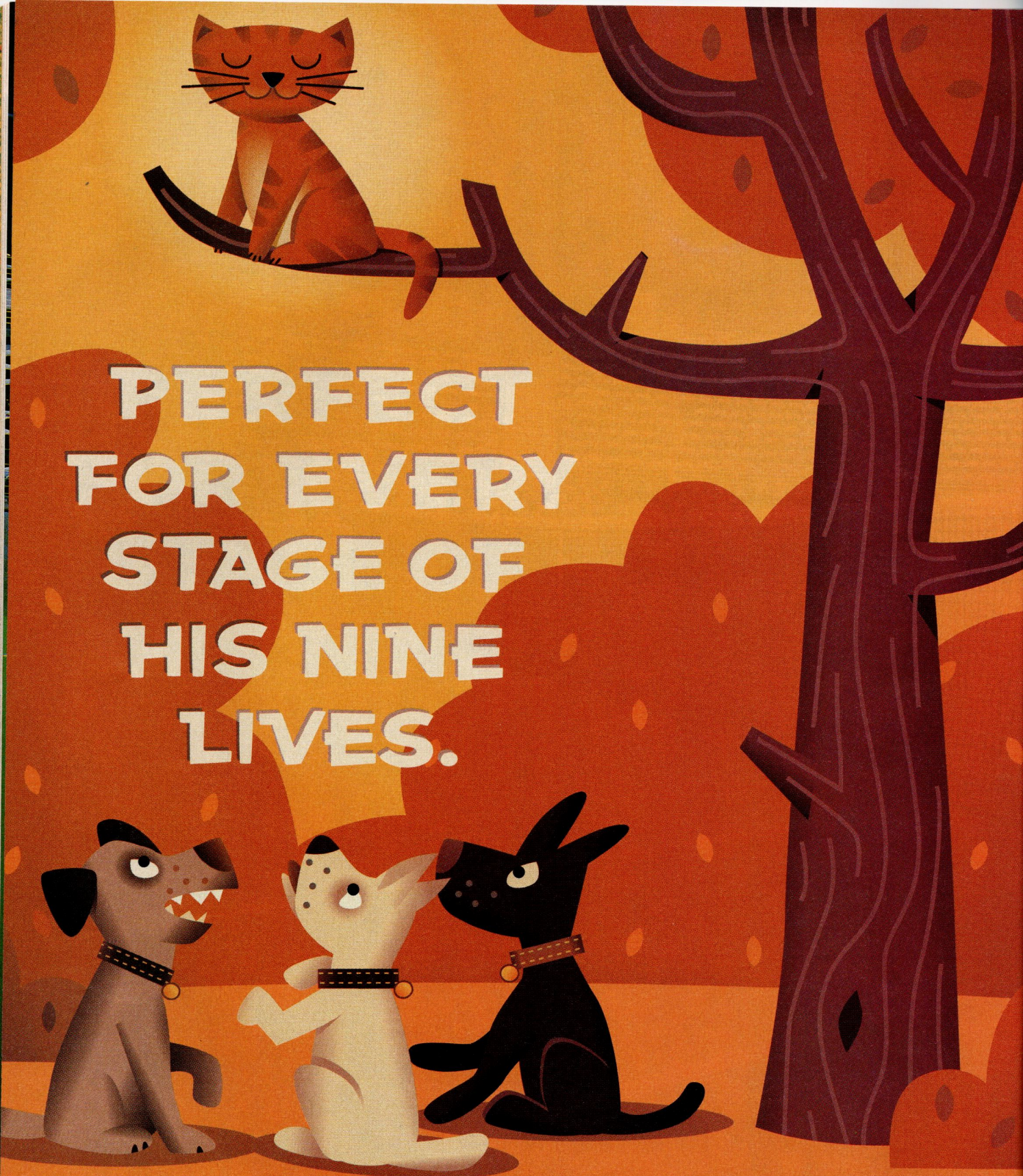

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Good For Life

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"I don't like being a public person," says Mitchell, a skilled artist who prefers working at home, where she paints and makes music.

BOTH SIDES NOW

Joni Mitchell finally finds joy with the daughter she gave up for adoption

Have you seen my family tree?" says Joni Mitchell, chuckling as she hands a visitor a framed photo in her home—a pink 1929 Spanish-style villa in the canyons of posh Bel Air, California. The joke is that Mitchell, daughter Kilauren Gibb, 35, and grandson Marlin, 7, are pictured dangling from the branches of a tree, while Mitchell's 8-month-old granddaughter, Daisy, sits in a car seat below. As might be expected from Mitchell, an icon of the Woodstock generation who sang her darkly confessional songs in a lovely, soaring soprano, there is a waterfall of emotions behind that laugh. Until three years ago, when she was reunited with her daughter after a 32-year separation, she didn't know if Gibb, whom she put up for adoption as an infant in 1965, was even alive. "It left a hole in me," says Mitchell, "that I didn't

Photographs by Dorothy Low

fill until the day I saw her again."

At 56, Mitchell is a doting grandmother and proud of it. Her 21st album, *Both Sides Now*, a collection of love songs made famous by the likes of Billie Holiday, Ella Fitzgerald and Frank Sinatra, as well as two of Mitchell's own signature tunes, hit shops in March amid loud acclaim from critics who compare her tobacco-cured voice to Holiday's. "Billie," Mitchell says between drags on an ever-present cigarette, "knocks my socks off."

Mitchell, of course, has her own army of adoring fans, including singer-songwriter Shawn Colvin, who considers Joni a guiding inspiration. A teenager when she first heard Mitchell, Colvin, 44, says she was "awestruck" by her: "She sang like I'd never heard anybody sing and wrote songs that were completely original and unique and very feminine."

But hardly girlish. Mitchell says her new album (co-produced by her ex-husband and enduring friend Larry Klein, from whom she split in 1992 after 10 years of marriage)

Before there was Lilith Fair, Mitchell (left) joined fellow folk singers Judy Collins (second from left) and Joan Baez (far right) onstage in Big Sur in 1969.

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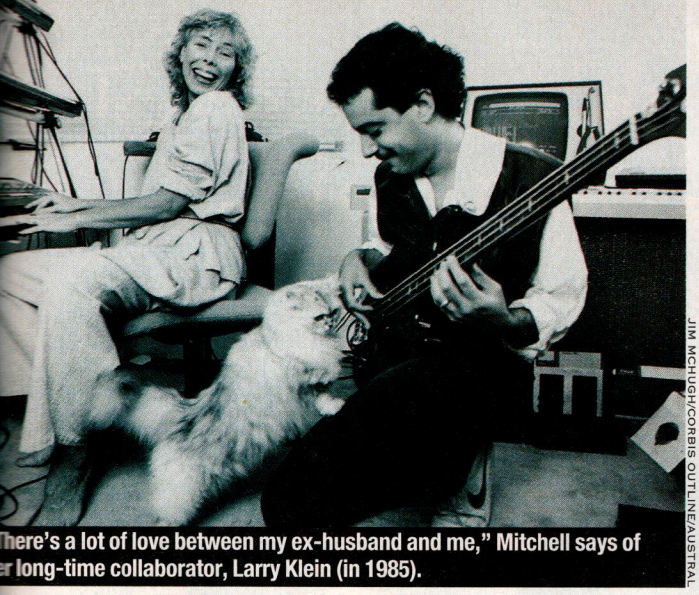

JIM MCHUGH/CORBIS OUTLINE/AUSTRAL

here's a lot of love between my ex-husband and me," Mitchell says of long-time collaborator, Larry Klein (in 1985).

MARK LIPSON/LOS ANGELES TIMES SYNDICATE

"A part of me was missing," Mitchell (with her daughter and grandson in '97) says of the time before her reunion with Gibb.

traces "the rise and fall of a romantic relationship." Just don't expect the sort of "doormat songs" Mitchell says she grew up with. "The woman was always waiting for that day when 'my prince will come and we'll move into a nice little house with a picket fence.' " It's a vision of marital bliss she never embraced. "Being a travelling woman and meeting travelling men," says Mitchell, whose past romances include David Crosby, Graham Nash and James Taylor, "there was too much temptation. Do you think I could expect fidelity from a rock star? Come on!"

Born Roberta Joan Anderson in Alberta, Canada, Mitchell grew up in the neighbouring province of Saskatchewan, where her parents, Myrtle and Bill Anderson, then a schoolteacher and a grocery chain manager respectively and now in their 80s, settled when their only child was 6. Though she showed an early talent for music and painting, a life-threatening bout with polio at age 9 "made an artist out of me," says Mitchell. "Staring into the eyes of death as a young person deepens you a lot."

Another life-altering experience occurred at Calgary's Alberta College of Art & Design when she met fellow student Brad MacMath.

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"She's both frail and strong," Klein says of Mitchell (in her backyard). "She's very self-sufficient."

"I lost my virginity and got pregnant in the same moment," says Mitchell, who quit school and headed for Toronto with MacMath. The couple split, however, before their baby, Kelly Dale Anderson, was born on Feb. 19, 1965. There was "nothing more disgraceful" than having a child out of wedlock in those days, Mitchell told the *Los Angeles Times* in 1997. Alone and unable to support Kelly on her meagre earnings as a folk singer, Joni placed her in foster care. A friend, American singer Chuck Mitchell, offered to marry Joni to help her "get my daughter out of hock." But the short-lived marriage didn't take, and reluctantly the destitute mother signed adoption papers.

Soon afterward, Kelly was adopted by Toronto schoolteachers David and Ida Gibb, who named her Kilauren. Mitchell, meanwhile, grieved the loss in her music, with profound consequences. When Judy Collins recorded Mitchell's "Both Sides Now," it became an instant classic. "I was reeled up into celebrity land," Mitchell recalls. Still, even as her career soared following the release of her debut album in 1968, she was plagued by guilt and periods of deep depression. "It was very traumatic and painful for her," says ex-husband Klein. "Not knowing whether her daughter was alive or what had become of her was something she thought about a lot. From time to time she'd say, 'God, maybe I should look for her.' And it would creep its way into her songs." "Little Green," from her 1971 masterpiece album, Blue, was written "as a message in a bottle [to Gibb]," says Mitchell. But it was a message that required decades to find its destination.

"God, it's so cryptic, Joan," Mitchell recalls Gibb telling her later. "I never would have known it was for me."

A Toronto fashion model turned photographer, Gibb began searching for her birth parents in the early '90s, when she applied for her adoption records. When she finally received them several years later, they identified her mother only as an aspiring folk singer from Saskatchewan. By then, Mitchell had launched her own search for her long-lost daughter. In March 1997, after a friend convinced Gibb (who, ironically, was unfamiliar with Mitchell's career) that the singer might be her mother, a reunion was arranged. Later, Gibb, who is divorced and raising her children as a single mother, met her biological father, MacMath. "He has a daughter by one marriage and a son by another," says Mitchell of MacMath, a Toronto photographer. "We all go out together as a dysfunctional family."

A free-living soul, Mitchell has been dating Donald Freed, a Canadian musician six years her junior who teaches songwriting to Native American children. After six years she has developed a distinctly Mitchell-esque take on the relationship. "It's great," she says. "We meet a couple of times a year." Her relationship with her new family, though, is a bit more encompassing. Having missed the joy of watching her own daughter grow up, Mitchell treasures her time with her grandchildren. "I saw Daisy when she was born," she says. "And I love my grandson. I just adore him." When her Sundays are free, she often invites friends over to shoot pool in her living room. "There's a lot of laughter," she says with a smile of contentment. "And I feel loved by a lot of people."

■ **STEVE DOUGHERTY**

■ **LYNDON STAMBLER** *IN LOS ANGELES*

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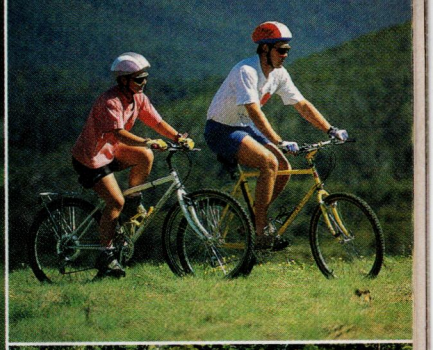

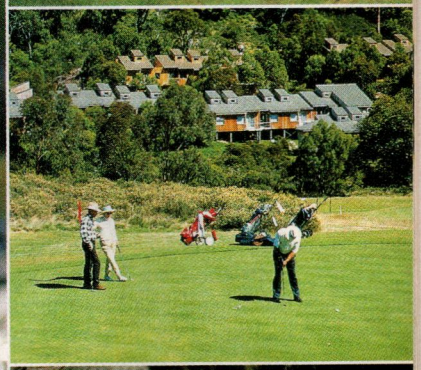

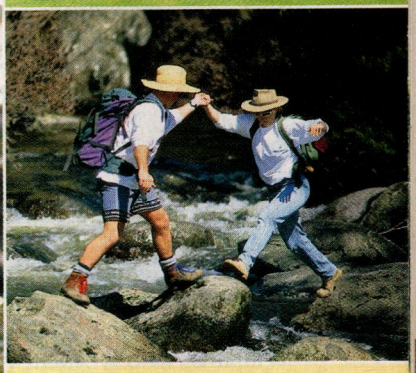

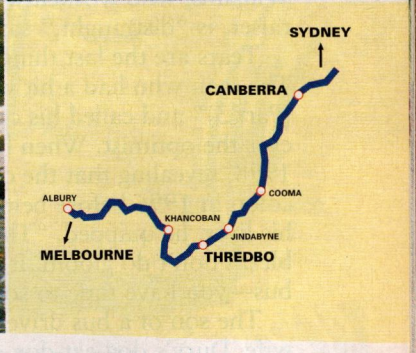

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TRIBUTE

LAUGHING AT DEATH

Ian Dury shrugged off childhood polio and became an unlikely star—a punk rock veteran whose lust for life allowed him to face cancer on his own terms

Grasping a walking stick to prop up his lumbering limp, Ian Dury offered an upbeat take on his epic life on Feb. 5, the eve of a riotous gig at the London Palladium to promote his comeback album, *Mr Love Pants*. "We're all cut from different cloth and I celebrate the fact I don't think there's anyone else doing quite the same as me," said Dury, who, with his band, the Blockheads, had a string of stomping hits from the late '70s, including the in-your-face "Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick." "Competition? I'm not sure I could handle it."

Fans of Dury's music—a raucous fusion of punk, jazz and music hall—know he could have. But in the end the "godfather of punk" was beaten by more insidious forces. On March 27, surrounded by family at his home in Hampstead, north-west London, Dury, 57, lost a five-year battle with cancer, leaving the world with a soft smile on his face. He is mourned by his sculptress wife, Sophy Tilson, 34, and their two sons, Albert, 2, and Bill, 5, and Jemima, 29, and Baxter, 28, his children with first wife Betty, who died of cancer in 1994. Colleagues, too, are struggling to accept his death: singer Robbie Williams, who worked with Dury as a UNICEF fund-raiser, is "distraught," says his spokeswoman.

Tears are the last thing Dury would have wanted. The man who had a hit with "Reasons to Be Cheerful (Part 3)" and called his chief doctor "a top geezer" was ever the optimist. When he made public his illness in 1998, revealing that the cancer that had massed in his colon in 1996 before being removed had now spread to his liver, he quipped, "That's the way the cookie crumbles. I don't do gloom. It's better than being hit by a bus—you have time to sort yourself out."

The son of a bus driver and his university-educated wife, Dury's dog-eat-dog approach to life was forged when he got polio at 7 and, left with a withered hand and leg, was, says British music critic Neil Spencer, "bullied at school. I think he found ways to compensate for not being able to fight back in a physical way."

Dropping out of art college, Dury formed a pub band that became Ian Dury and the Blockheads, and in 1977 their first album, *New Boots and Panties!!*, sold more than a million copies. Hobbling on stage in black garb, gloves and mascara, spitting out his cockney-coated streetwise lyrics, Dury was, says Spencer, "scary." In 1984, a few hits ("Sex'n'Drugs'n'Rock'n'Roll," "What a Waste") and five albums later, the group split as punk music self-destructed. Dury acted in theatre and films (*The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and Her Lover*) and worked for UNICEF, the disabled and UK-based charity Cancer Bacup before reuniting with pianist-songwriter Chaz Jankel and the Blockheads in 1998. They made *Mr Love Pants* and went on tour in '99 for the first time in 17 years. Dury and Jankel won the Classic Songwriters title at London's Q Awards in November.

Not that Dury needed reassurance that his music, or his life, was worthy. "I don't care if I'm immediately forgotten. I don't care if my work goes down the tubes," he once said. "I'm not here to be remembered, I'm here to be alive."

■ **PENELOPE GREEN,** *REPORTED BY* **SUZANNE MALE** *AND* **JANE CORNWELL** *IN LONDON*

PAUL SLATTERY/RETNA/AUSTRALIAN PICTURE LIBRARY

"Laughter is good and friends are 90 per cent of survival," said Ian Dury (in his punk rock days, in London in 1978).

ADRIAN DENNIS/REX/AUSTRAL

"I only get upset about [dying] when I think of my kids and I think I might not be able to see them grow up. That does me right up," said Dury (at home with sons Bill, right, and Albert in 1998).

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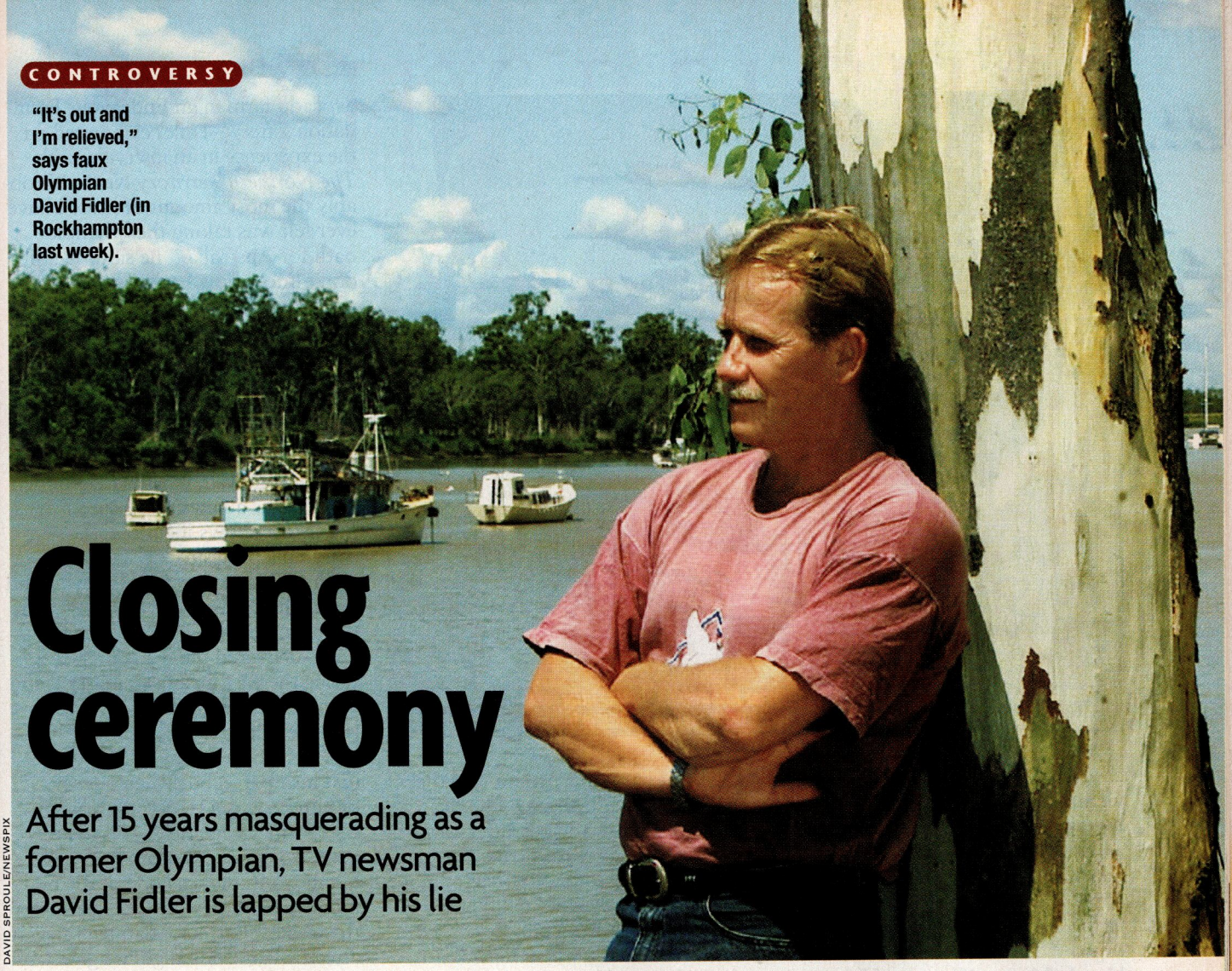


"It's out and I'm relieved," says faux Olympian David Fidler (in Rockhampton last week).

DAVID SPROULE/NEWSPIX

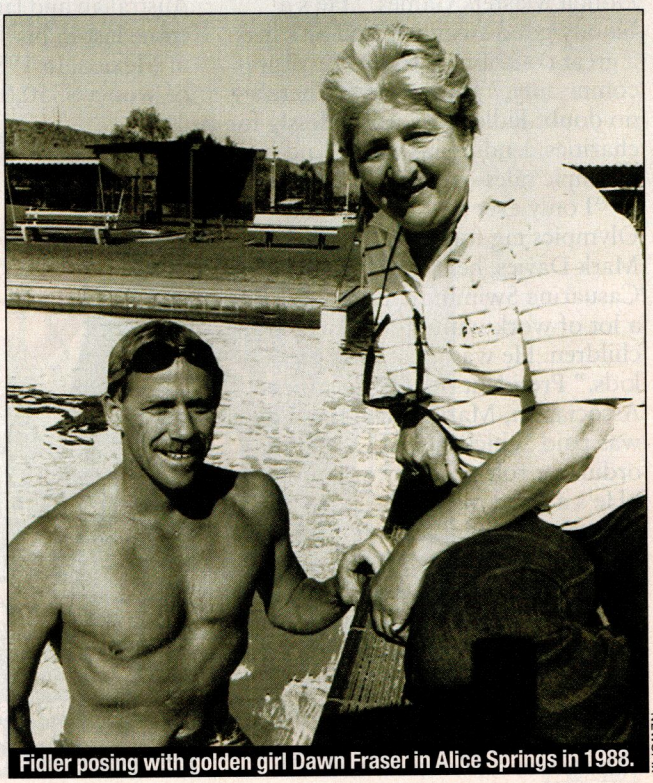
Closing ceremony

After 15 years masquerading as a former Olympian, TV newsman David Fidler is lapped by his lie

The way he told it, one could imagine the emotion of the occasion. David Fidler was an awe-struck 17-year-old standing in Mexico City's Olympic stadium on Oct. 12, 1968, as thousands of balloons ascended to the heavens. The shy kid from Brisbane had proudly marched into the arena with the Australian swimming team. But only when flames leapt from the stadium's cauldron did the gravity of the moment dawn on the Aussie rookie. "That was the point that it struck me that I was really there, at the Olympics," Fidler, Darwin's pre-eminent TV news anchor, would recall in a local newspaper interview 20 years on. "A magic moment."

Sadly, Fidler's Olympic memories were a figment of his imagination—a latticework of lies born from a blunder 15 years ago. Last month Fidler's flimsy grip on the Olympic rings finally slipped when the handsome and popular presenter resigned from Channel 8 news after *The Australian* newspaper revealed he was nowhere near Mexico City in 1968. Last week, as a shamed Fidler, 49, prepared to return to Darwin (he'd fled to Rockhampton), a chorus of condemnation swept across the country like a Mexican wave. "Disappointing and dishonest," said 400m world-record-holder Cathy Freeman. "Disgraceful," said Olympic great Dawn Fraser.

But for many who know him—and some who knew all along his claim to fame was bogus—Fidler is a cringing



Fidler posing with golden girl Dawn Fraser in Alice Springs in 1988.

NEWSPIX

NEWSPIX

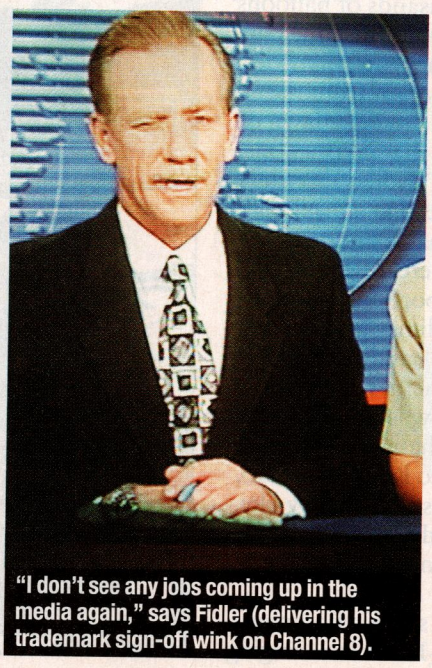
"I was aware there was an Olympian tag," Peter Adamson says of Fidler (second from right at an Olympic ceremony in Darwin on March 22). "[But] he wasn't in the business of bragging."

casualty of circumstance and sole victim of his own stupidity. "I knew it wasn't true, but it was never really an issue," says friend and NT backbencher Steve Hatton. Hatton was Chief Minister when Fidler arrived in the Territory in the mid-'80s. He urged Fidler to enter the NT's 1988 Honda Masters Games. "He's a bloody good swimmer and he's been a great contributor to the Territory community," Hatton says. There's no doubt Fidler worked tirelessly for charities, lending his time—and his Olympic tales—to local fund-raisers.

"I only ever saw him use the Olympics tag for good causes," says Mark Davies, head coach at Darwin's Casuarina Swimming Pool. "We do a lot of work with disadvantaged children. He was great with the kids." President of NT's Deafness Association, Mary Salter, says Fidler was paid "chicken feed" for his coordinator role with her organisation. "He's a good man," she says. "He's generous and kind and did so many things he was never asked to do."

It was during a charity day in 1985 that Fidler found himself enmeshed in the genesis of his sporting fantasy. He told *The Australian* last month a "public figure" (whom he declined to name) was the source of the lie. "There was a 50m race for local celebrities and this person told the crowd I was a former Olympian," he said. "I went to the guy afterwards and told him it wasn't true, but his attitude was, 'No-one's going to know—if anyone asks you, tell them you're a Kiwi or a Pom.' "

But Fidler told them he was an Australian and later detailed how he'd come last in his 100m freestyle heat in Mexico. In 1988—around the time he won a $350,000 Queensland avocado farm in an Endeavour Foundation lottery—Fidler elaborated on the experience in an interview with *The Northern Territory News*. "Probably the most amount of pride I have ever felt was taking the Olympic oath for Australia," he said. "I still don't know how I got a guernsey."



"I don't see any jobs coming up in the media again," says Fidler (delivering his trademark sign-off wink on Channel 8).

Born in England and raised in Queensland, SA and WA from the age of 3, Fidler worked as a newspaper journalist throughout Queensland before starting a TV career in 1977 with regional NSW station NEN-9. A stint at Townsville's NQTV followed, where Fidler honed his skills as a newsreader and producer (for shows including the children's program *Kid's Army*).

In 1985, he moved to Darwin and the anchor's chair at Channel 8. The high-profile job—and the lottery win—delivered the fruits of success. Along the way he'd been married and divorced; the split, he told friends, had been "a great regret."

"OK, so he rode a Harley and had his boat ... but when I spoke to him he was a reserved person," says former Channel 8 colleague Peter Adamson. "He was never flamboyant. He was one of the best, if not *the* best newsreader in regional Australia." Former Channel 8 news director Paul McLaughlin agrees Fidler was "extremely good ... always on time—always reliable." And a good bloke to boot. "He was a good drinker and a good party man in those days," says McLaughlin. "But as the years went on he became quieter and quieter."

Since the Olympics farce, others in the Channel 8 news room have not been so quick to praise. "We can't believe he's done this," says one staffer who asked not to be named. "It stinks." With the weight of unbearable embarrassment on his broad shoulders, Fidler was last week pondering his future—having all but given up on a career in the media. "I guess I'm looking at part two of my life now," he told WHO WEEKLY. "It's just a matter of finding out what part two of my life is going to entail. Maybe I'll grow my hair long, jump on my motorbike and blast around the country." He pauses, then groans: "Oh, geez, I don't know."

■ **CRAIG HENDERSON**

■ **LORELEI FONG LIM** *IN DARWIN*

KATHY REICHS

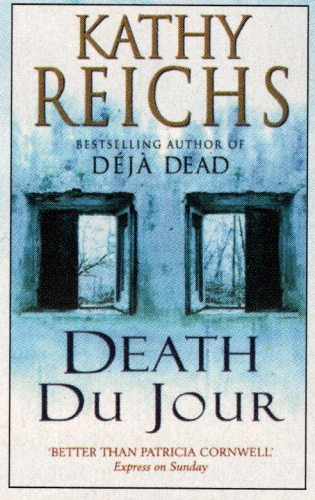
'BETTER THAN PATRICIA CORNWELL'

Express on Sunday

DEATH DU JOUR

March in Montreal: it is a bitterly cold night and in the grounds of an old church forensic anthropologist Dr Temperance Brennan exhumes the remains of a nun proposed for sainthood. Hours later, she is called to the scene where a young family has perished in a horrific arson attack, and there seems to be no witness, no motive, no explanation.
From the charred remains of the infernal to a trail of sinister cult activity, Tempe confronts the terror of a killer out of control.

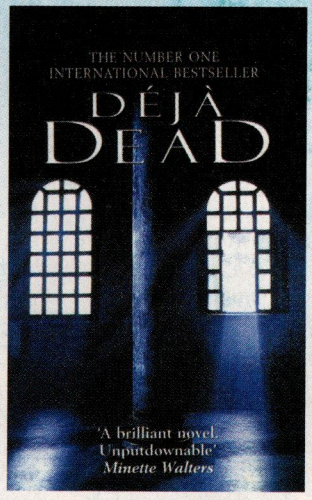
'Completely engrossing... Read this and you'll know why the word "chiller" was invented' FRANCES FYFIELD



The Latest Bestseller

DÉJÀ DEAD

'Deja Dead' is terrific and terrifying in its own right, easily rising above Cornwellian similarities... Excellent plotting, appealingly headstrong heroine and superb mastery of tension' THE TIMES

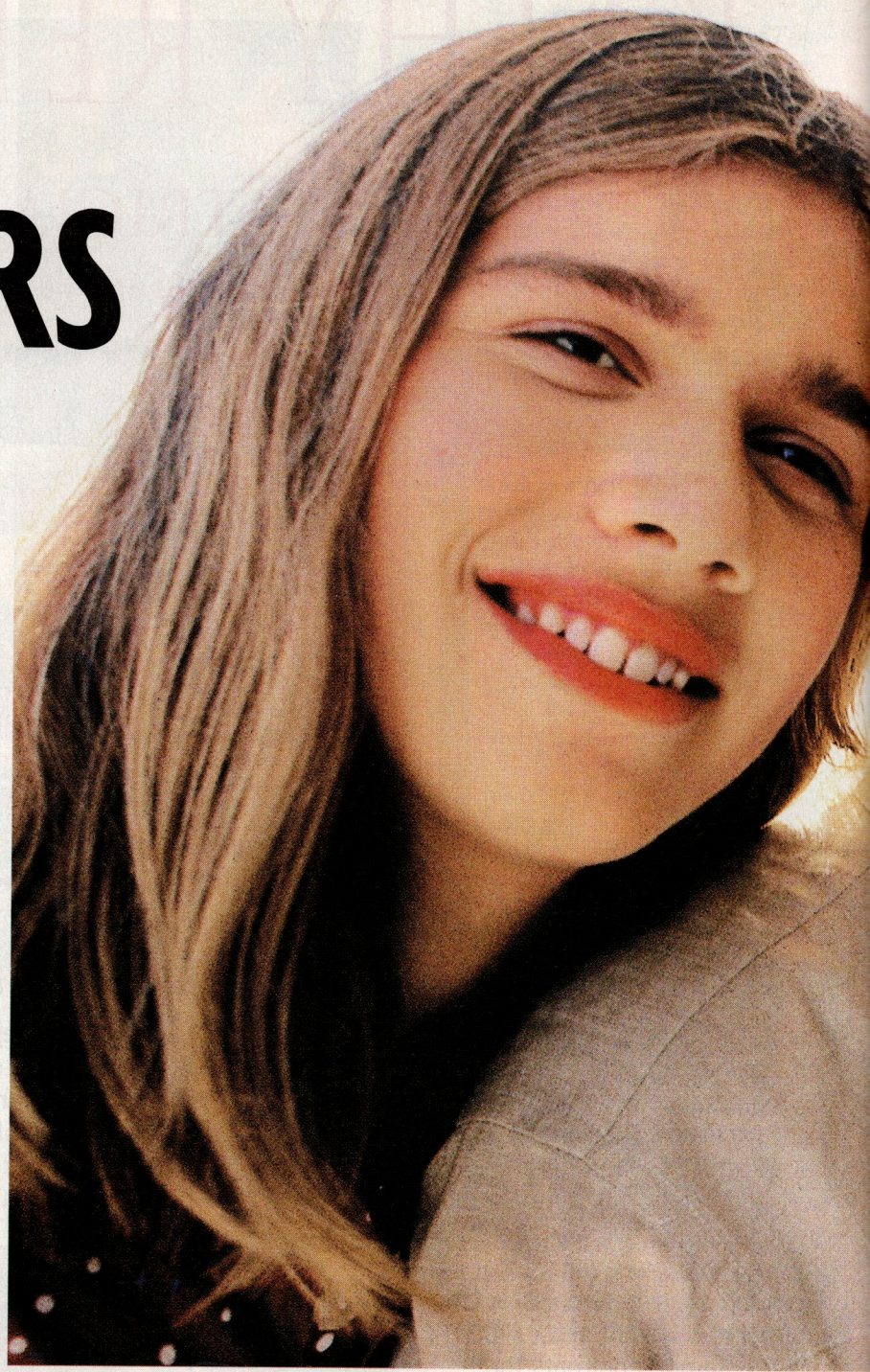


The Stunning Debut

DEATH DU JOUR AND DÉJÀ DEAD ARE NOW AVAILABLE AT ALL GOOD BOOKSTORES FOR $15.95

HAIR RAISERS

Three years after Hanson hit it big with "Mmm Bop," the boys are back to break the hearts of another batch of fans



Time goes by," muses Taylor Hanson, "and all of a sudden you are different." Three years have passed since Taylor, 17, and his brothers, Isaac, 19, and Zac, 14, aka teen pop band Hanson, sold more than 8 million copies of their debut album *Middle of Nowhere* and the single "Mmm Bop" was No. 1 in 27 countries, including Australia. Isaac and Taylor have cut their long flaxen hair and, admits Taylor, "our voices have changed," forcing songwriter Isaac to "write in lower keys." But some things stay the same—such as the band's rabid army of fans.

On March 25, nearly 5,000 of them, mainly screaming girls, packed Brisbane's Royal Botanic Gardens to see the boy band from Oklahoma perform their only Australian show. "The fans in Australia are amazing," says Taylor. True, at the Brisbane concert that ended a whirlwind promo tour of the eastern capitals for Hanson's new album, *This Time Around* (out on April 17), there were fewer than the "memorable" 25,000 who invaded Melbourne's Southlands shopping centre to see a '97 gig, but, says Taylor, they were just as enthusiastic.

"I love the music," grins Heather Cowie, 14, from Queensland's Sunshine Coast. "They're pretty hot." She had arrived at 8 AM—seven hours before the boys hit the stage—to grab a rib-crushing front-row spot for the $2-a-head show, which aided the local Smith Family charity.

Throughout the performance, Taylor pleaded with the swarming, shrieking crowd to remain calm as security staff struggled to rescue fans suffering from heat exhaustion and overexcitement.

The band make no apologies for the three-year gap between albums. "We never stopped working," says Isaac, who first performed with his siblings at a '92 street fair in home town Tulsa. Adds Taylor: "We toured the US in 1998 and, after a short break, we started work on the new album. In the end it was a good amount of time to pull it together." The brothers, says Taylor, tried "lots of different things" on *This Time Around*. "It's probably more rock 'n' roll; it has a little more of an edge."

As does their new look. And Isaac and Taylor's radical haircuts may not be the last word. "For the next record," laughs Isaac, "we'll have pierced tongues and tattoos."

■ DARREN LOVELL

Photographs by Richard Whitfield

"We are all unattached. None of us has girlfriends," says Taylor Hanson (right, with band member brothers Zac, left, and Isaac, in Brisbane).

"Hopefully you can have fans who will continue to be into the music and follow you along and enjoy the transition," says Taylor of the throng that jammed the Royal Botanic Gardens in Brisbane to hear the band.

OLYMPIC DREAM

BLAZING THE TRAIL

They've been nominated by family and friends who think their spark sets them apart from the pack—now they'll be bearing a real flame towards Sydney 2000. Ten weeks before the Olympic torch relay begins in Central Australia, we meet five of the 11,000 Australians who have been chosen to carry the 1kg aluminium and stainless-steel torch for up to 1km each, keeping the flame flickering as it travels through 1,000 towns in 100 days to Sydney in the longest torch relay in Olympic history. Catch them if you can ...

By Penelope Green and Paul Connolly

"I'm not a person who gives up easily," says Lisa Turczynski, on the scooter she'll ride in the relay.

LISA TURCZYNSKI

Bearing a torch before the cheering crowds through Bowral, in the NSW Southern Highlands, will be a cinch for Lisa Turczynski. She loves being a show-stopper. Like when she frocked up and walked proudly to her Year 10 formal—just 12 weeks after two operations to replace her knees and hips. "I wanted to make a big entrance," chuckles the 19-year-old, who is severely disabled by the rheumatoid arthritis she has suffered since birth. "It was really hard ... I didn't think I could do it, but I stood up and just *did* it." As Lisa's mum, Robyn, "howled," everyone else cheered. "They couldn't believe it," she says. And when Turczynski learned she'd been chosen to carry the Olympic torch because of her charity work, neither could she: "I just screamed!"

On the days when her pain is bearable ("I'm used to it, I get on with it. If you feel sorry for yourself you don't get anywhere"), Turczynski drives the car her father, Peter, modified for her—she added a BAD GIRL sticker on the rear window—around Bowral, raising funds for two charities, Rainbow and CareFlight, and doing voluntary office work for another. "It's full-on," says Turczynski, who is close to her brothers, Jason, 22, and Jarvis, 18.

When not studying computer skills to clinch her goal of getting a paid job, Manpower-mad Turczynski chills out watching the hunks on *Dawson's Creek*. But when the Games are on she'll be switching channels ... for Ian Thorpe. "He's not *bad*!" she giggles.

Photographs by Michael Amendolia

I'm going to run with Nova Peris-Kneebone] when she starts it—and I might just run the whole way," jokes Willie Leslie of his grand plan for the relay.

WILLIE LESLIE

Minutes before he stepped into the ring to win the Australian amateur bantamweight title in 1969, young boxer Willie Leslie was sick with fear. "I was climbing walls," Leslie, now 50, recalls as he breaks from training a young protégé in a Sydney gym. So how did he KO—or at least ease—those pesky pre-bout jitters? "I would find a little corner and listen to music [preferably country]. I didn't watch other fights, I concentrated on my own." Which is what he'll be doing to calm last-minute nerves before he seizes the Olympic torch and runs along the same inner-Sydney streets he navigates most weeknights as a volunteer driver for Streetbeat, a bus service funded by NSW police and community groups, which picks up "at risk" street kids. "I'm supposed to pick up people aged under 18, but I pick up anyone who's in trouble," says the father-of-two, an Aboriginal elder and a member of the Stolen Generation.

Leslie was 12 and in a boys' home at Kempsey, northern NSW, when he first gloved up. He won the NSW amateur bantamweight championship in 1969. A few months later he boarded a plane for the first time and flew to Hobart to take the national title. "No-one would have beaten me, it was *my* year," boasts Willie, who had 160 bouts before he spat out his mouthguard for good in '86.

Running two hours a day (the return trip from his inner-west Sydney home to his job as a general assistant for TAFE in the city) has Leslie in top shape for his Olympic run on Sept. 14. So good, he can't predict what he might do when he lays hands on the torch. "I'm not handing it back," he says with a cheeky grin. "I'm gonna keep running with it!"

JOE DILLON

His memory is fading now, but Joe Dillon, 99, still recalls the day in 1956 when he grasped the Olympic Torch on the Sydney Harbour Bridge and helped it on its way to the Melbourne Games. "I thought, 'This is going to be easy, there's no weight in it ... it's well within my compass!' " says Dillon, a former champion one-mile runner and pioneer member of Bondi Surf Club (he won a bravery award for his efforts on Black Sunday, when five people drowned after freak waves hit Bondi Beach on Feb. 6, 1938).

Hobart-born, he followed Lena, the local girl of his dreams, to Sydney. He eventually convinced her to marry him (they have children Scott, 71, Helen, 69, and Josephine, 65) before teaching her to surf, swim and ride a mountain bike. "He was potty about her," says Helen. "First thing he'd do every morning was make her a cup of tea on a tray, with a flower fresh from the garden in a vase." (Lena died in 1975.)

Today, the former accountant and poet, who had one leg amputated above the knee six months ago due to poor circulation, lives in a nursing home in Sydney's south. He has only one concern about his second gig carrying the flame, this time strapped to his wheelchair: "I hope I'll live that long."

"I miss running," says Joe Dillon (with daughter Helen), who will carry the flame in his wheelchair instead.

Photograph by Michael Amendolia

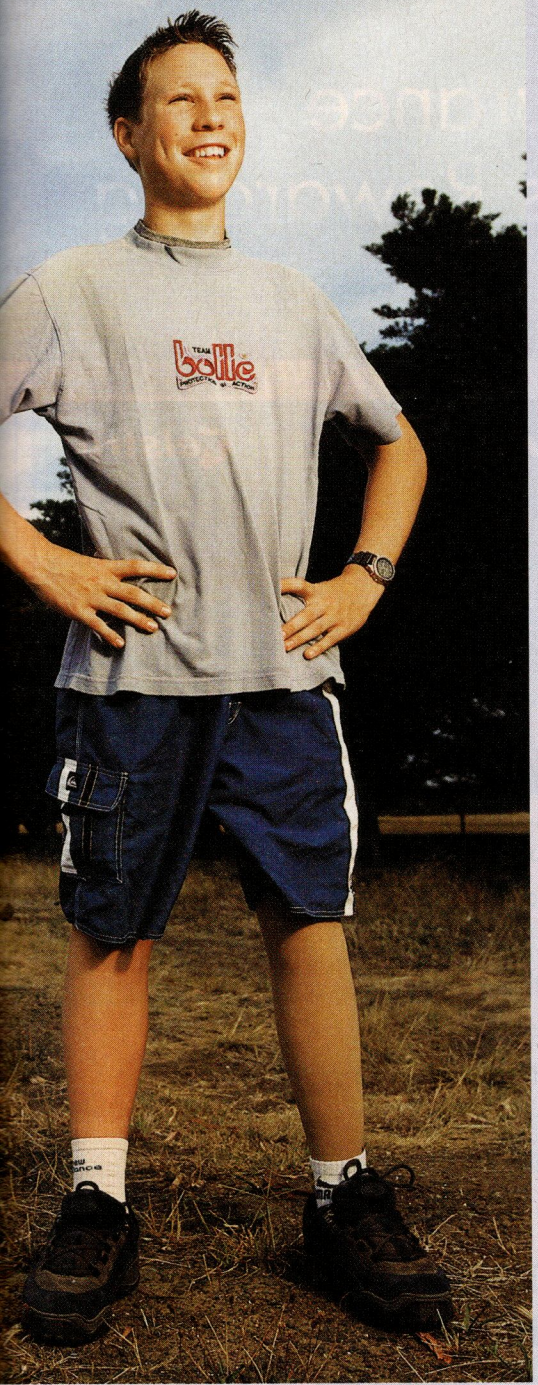
"A few people might have thought, 'My life is over,' and given up—but I didn't," says cancer survivor Cameron Rahles-Rahbula (at Geelong Grammar). "I wanted to get back into things. You can't put off life."

CAMERON RAHLES-RAHBULA

A week and a half after Cameron Rahles-Rahbula, then 14, had his cancerous left leg amputated above the knee, he was back at school. A few days later, he was snow skiing. Reflecting on this two years later at Melbourne's Geelong Grammar, the thoughtful teen gives a shy smile and says he had little choice. "At first I was devastated and thought my life was over," he says. "But three days later I began to accept it. I knew it was for the best. There was no choice but to get on with my life."

For Rahles-Rahbula—who boards at school because his family lives at Camperdown, 120km west of Geelong—this meant throwing himself

Photograph by Neale Duckworth



back into study and sport. Now the Year 10 student—who hopes to be a vet—competes in sports where his disadvantage is minimised, such as swimming and table tennis, but also, using crutches, in long cross-country hikes. "I can be very competitive," says Rahles-Rahbula, who fought off secondary lung cancer in 1998. "I like being able to do things people said I could never do or never do well."

Nominated by staff at Timbertop, his school's country retreat ("I was surprised and grateful but I didn't think I'd actually be chosen"), Rahles-Rahbula will carry the torch on July 22 near Camperdown, though he's sorry he has to do it on his prosthesis. "I'm much faster on my crutches!"

PAUL MARTIN

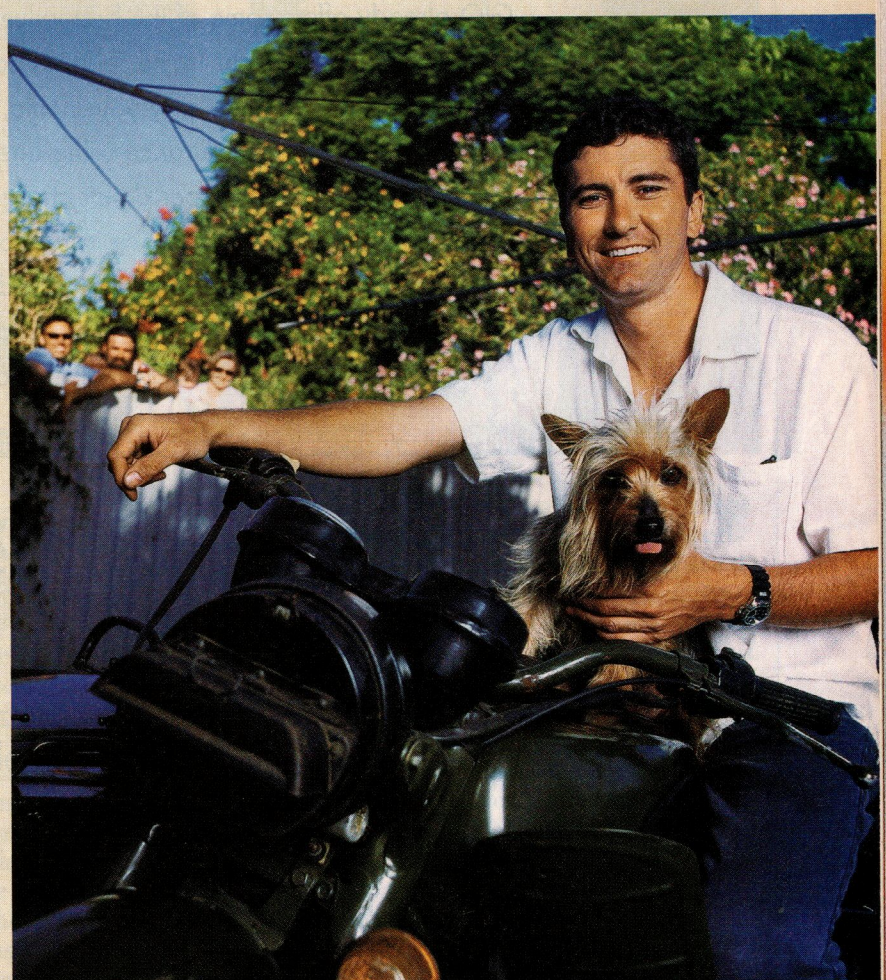
He's dodged sniper fire to carry injured people to safety in the Rwandan civil war and rescued a neighbour from a burning home, but don't try telling Paul Martin he's extraordinary. "There's a lot of people out there who have done bigger things ... and don't get recognised for it," says the 32-year-old Perth electrician. "That's why I don't like carrying that mantle." What he *is* keen to lug is the Olympic torch, even though he expects his idea of attaching it to a machine-gun bracket on one of his two Dneper motorbikes (circa 1940s and 1960s) won't get past Games organisers. "It would save me running," he protests. "I'd like to be able to do it without dying at the end."

He should survive, for Lady Luck is a friend: as a UN technician in Rwanda from 1994–96, Martin was regularly caught in crossfire and was in a house hit by mortar shells. "I was very scared at times, but I don't regret being there. I got to help a lot of people, even though it's a small drop in the ocean ... "

There was little respite from danger at home; in 1996 his neighbour's house caught fire and Martin crawled through acrid smoke to save a boy. "His mother was already out, but I did go back for the dog!"

Martin, who is single, held youthful aspirations to be a track-and-field Olympian, but is happy to watch these Games on TV. With the crowds, he reckons, "it'd be a nightmare unless you were dropped in by a helicopter and lifted out." He might just be able to arrange it.

■ **MELENIE AMBROSE** *IN PERTH*



"I'm concerned that rain will put [the torch] out—how embarrassing!" jokes Paul Martin, astride one of his two Dneper motorbikes with his terrier, Bowser.

Photograph by Tony McDonough

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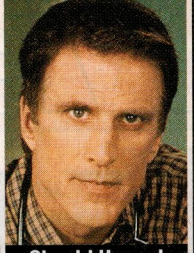
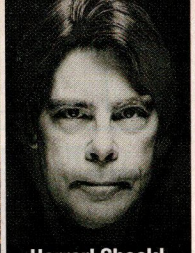
Picks&Pans

MOVIES, MUSIC, BOOKS, INTERNET AND TELEVISION



Shock! Horror! Becker is shot



Horror! Shock! King's e-book

BOB MARSHAK/UNIVERSAL STUDIOS; TOP: NETWORK TEN (LEFT); DAVID BARRY/CORBIS OUTLINE/AUSTRAL (RIGHT)

Feisty underdog Erin Brockovich (Julia Roberts, with Albert Finney) is always ready for a good fight, and she finds a whopper of one.

movies Erin Brockovich

Julia Roberts, Albert Finney, Aaron Eckhart, Marg Helgenberger

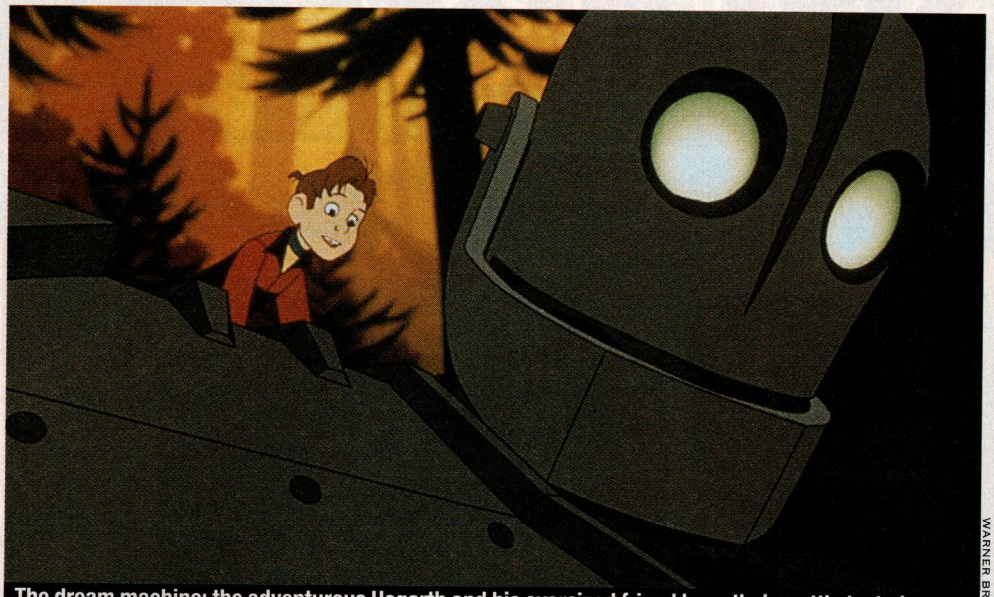
The China Syndrome. Norma Rae. Silkwood. A Civil Action. Little Wo/man Triumphant scenarios are a staple of mainstream cinema, for who doesn't rejoice when an underdog up-ends the system and justice actually prevails? And when your LWT is based on real events, directed by the arresting Steven Soderbergh (*Out of Sight*) and starring the supremely bankable Roberts, bums on seats would seem a sure thing.

Erin Brockovich's story is unquestionably one to cheer for. An unemployed single mother-of-three, she wangles herself a clerical job in a down-scale law firm (Finney is wonderful as her boss, Ed Masry, a fundamentally decent man who has earned his peace but isn't likely to get it). While filing routine documents, Erin unearths the major scandal of contaminated water in a small California community. With the furious tenacity that informs her life, she persists with her quixotic crusade, eventually amassing some 600 plaintiffs.

While all right-minded citizens will be cheering Erin and Ed on, as a spectacle Erin's seminal experience is a laborious trudge through paper trails and protestations, punctuated by scenery-tearing turns from Roberts, whose star vehicle this so pointedly is. The actress and her tiny, tarty outfits do their damnedest in every scene, but her talents really shine when Erin's potty-mouthed prickliness is unleashed on those around her. When that happens, Roberts is a sparkler on two long, shapely legs. Between times, her well-meaning movie is a long, damp squib. (M15+, 2hr 11min) **B**

movies

BY ANDIEE PAVIOUR



The dream machine: the adventurous Hogarth and his oversized friend have their mettle tested.

WARNER BROS

The Iron Giant

Voices by Jennifer Aniston, Harry Connick Jr, Vin Diesel, Eli Marienthal

Although writer-director Brad Bird's open-hearted fantasy is based on Ted Hughes's 1968 book *The Iron Man*, its preoccupation with the dangers of preconception is irresistibly reminiscent of Steven Spielberg's *E.T.* Yet where the petite Extra Terrestrial was a cuddly delight, Bird's Giant (voiced by Diesel) is a massive metal robot with spookily illuminated eye sockets and a seriously prominent jaw.

The mechanical monster appears from nowhere in 1957, landing off the coast of Maine in an era rife with Space Race speculation. Rescued from electrocution and befriended by 9-year-old Hogarth Hughes (Marienthal), the metal-crunching colossus is hidden by the clucky kid (Aniston is the voice of his sweetly valiant single mom) in the junkyard of his breezy beatnik friend (Connick). Inevitably, though, its hulking presence is discovered and hunted down. All seems lost until the deadly weapon everyone is hell-bent on crushing turns the tables and dramatically saves the day.

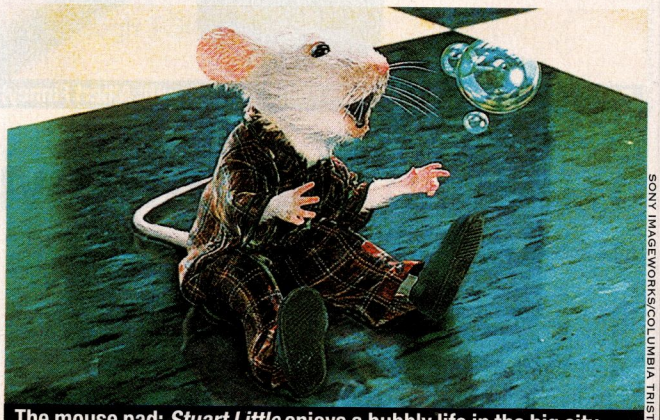
In its determined nixing of the cute factor (nary a singalong in sight) and its unsentimental realisation of a turbulent American era, *Giant* is adult and authentic. But at its clanging heart is a story of love and sacrifice, and in that, its dignified theatrics are movingly eternal. Creature of few, stilted words and even fewer endearing gestures though he may be, this walking weaponry from an unknown source is weaponry with an unexpected soul. (PG, 1hr 26min) **B+**

Stuart Little

Geena Davis, Hugh Laurie, Jonathan Lipnicki, voice of Michael J. Fox

This live-action and miraculously animated kids' pic—about a super-smart mouse adopted from an orphanage by a genial human family—does deserve some brownie points. The digitally engineered, preppily-outfitted Stuart (Fox) is an adorable look, not least because of his whiskery resemblance to the voice behind the snout. The computer artists and techies have done an altogether remarkable job, and production designer Bill Brzeski's whimsical New York sets are as fancifully pretty as a fairy-tale illustration.

The screenplay—co-written by *The Sixth Sense*'s M. Night Shyamalan and Greg Brooker from E.B. White's 1945 book and directed by Rob Minkoff—looks promising, too. Arriving home with the philanthropic Littles (Davis and *Blackadder*'s Laurie are mum and dad, *Jerry Maguire*'s Lipnicki their bespectacled sprog), Stuart finds himself in all manner of strife. Monstered by the outraged family cat (voiced by Nathan Lane), shunned by his sulky human brother and pining for the parents he never knew, he has a tough time fitting in. But that, of course, is what his story is all set to celebrate—the embracing of differences, the beauty of tolerance and the commonality of man and mouse.



The mouse pad: *Stuart Little* enjoys a bubbly life in the big city.

SONY IMAGEWORKS/COLUMBIA TRISTAR

And so say all of us. Like all sight gags, however, the allure of Stuart and the novelty of the neighbourhood moggies that torment him (Chazz Palminteri and Steve Zahn voice two of them) soon begin to pall. The two *Babes* did talking beasts to death and *Roger Rabbit* hit the bullseye with the 'toon–human combo. All that remains for Stuart's nobly intentioned new family is a Little more of the technically striking same. (G, 1hr 25min) B

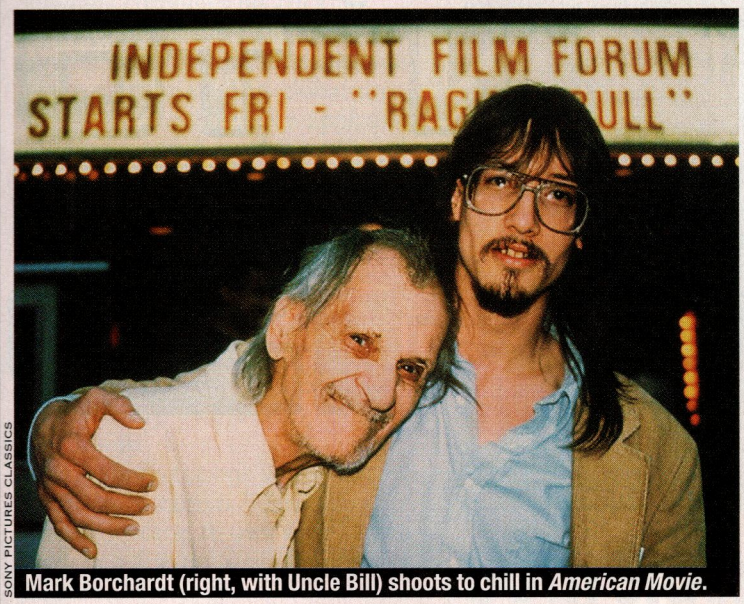
American Movie

Documentary

Aspiring filmmaker Mark Borchardt knows all about the allure of the big screen, but the tin-tacks reality of his scrappy life is an eternity from anyone's red carpet. Borchardt, who hails from the markedly unglamorous Menomonee Falls, Wisconsin, has three young kids, bills out to *here*, a night job delivering newspapers, a day job in a cemetery and an obsessive ambition to make films. Even while struggling to finish and flog 3,000 units of his horror video, *Coven* ("COH-vern"), Borchardt's *real* desire is to begin filming on his intensely personal and frustratingly illusive indie feature debut, *Northwestern*—a tall order, given his unfortunate financial circumstances.

Spinning in the backwash of Borchardt's unquenchable zest are his mother, his father, his ancient Uncle Bill (who, whether he likes it or not, is *Coven*'s executive producer), his girlfriend Joan, his mates Ken and Mike, and a motley assortment of cast and crew.

Like all good documentaries, Chris Smith's intuitively entertaining catalogue of Borchardt's numerous travails creeps inside its subject's innately likeable skin to lay bare the everyday drabness of his world. It could be a laughable sight (and indeed, sometimes is) but unlike the horror shorts he's shot since he was 14, the 33-year-old crusader's evangelical zeal is no cheap joke. Inexplicable and plain insane as it may sometimes be, Borchardt's stubborn refusal to ever say die is the stuff that dreams—and American movies—are so legendarily made of. (M15+, 1hr 54min) **B**



SONY PICTURES CLASSICS

Mark Borchardt (right, with Uncle Bill) shoots to chill in *American Movie*.

Spotlight on ...
Mark and Michael Polish

When they were 11, identical twins Mark and Michael Polish came across a photograph of Siamese twins Chang and Eng Bunker in the *Guinness Book of Records*. "We were intrigued," says Michael. "They looked very stoic." The Polish twins are now 29, but their interest—compassionately explored in their debut feature *Twin Falls Idaho*—remains. Says Mark: "Most people can't conceive what it would be like to be literally stuck to someone your entire life."

The softly spoken, Los Angeles–based filmmakers (Mark's girlfriend, Wendy, is an artist; Michael is married to make-up artist Jo) didn't meet with conjoined twins for their research. "We could have," says Mark, "but we didn't want to invade their lives." And being as close as only identical twins can be, the brothers were already way ahead in the empathy stakes. Their sensitivity has served them well: in the US, *Twin Falls* has done "extremely well on DVD and on video, because people could actually take it home and view it at their discretion," says Michael, who, along with co-writing and acting with Mark, also directed.

So have they learned anything new about each other from working together?

"Professionally, yes," says Mark. And to be strapped together, he wisely notes, "you need patience." ■ A.P.

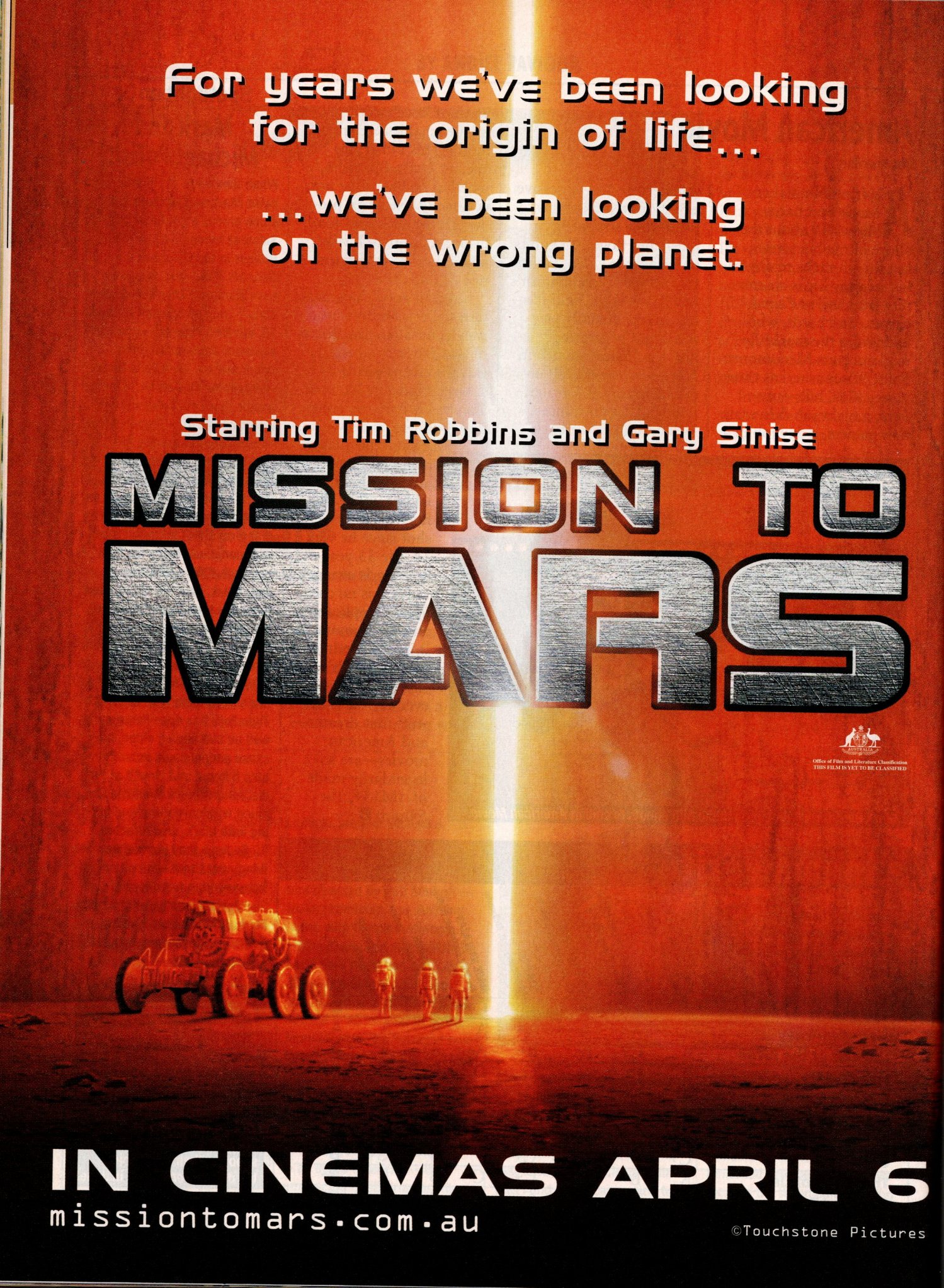
SEBASTIEN RAYMOND/SONY PICTURES CLASSICS

Mark (left) and Michael begin shooting their next project, the drama *North Fork*, in June.

Cinéma Vérité

Here's how film critics from across the country rate these current movies (from A+ to D–, F):

	STAN JAMES The Advertiser, Adelaide	MARGARET POMERANZ The Movie Show, SBS	DES PARTRIDGE The Courier-Mail, Brisbane	TOM RYAN The Sunday Age, Melbourne	MARK NAGLAZAS The West Australian, Perth	ROB LOWING The Sun-Herald, Sydney	ANDIEE PAVIOUR Who Weekly	AV.
The Beach	B	B+	–	–	C	C	C+	**B–**
Boys Don't Cry	A	A	A	B+	A	A	A	**A**
The End of the Affair	B	C+	B	B+	A-	B	B	**B**
Hanging Up	B	D-	–	C	D	C-	C	**C–**
The Hurricane	A	C+	B+	C+	C+	B+	B+	**B**
Magnolia	A-	A-	C+	B+	B-	B	B+	**B+**
Mystery, Alaska	B+	C+	B-	–	–	C+	C+	**B–**
Scream 3	C+	B	–	C+	–	B-	C+-	**B–**
The Story of Us	B	B+	B-	C+	C	B	B	**B–**
The Wog Boy	B+	B-	C+	C+	–	B	B-	**B–**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BY BARRY DIVOLA

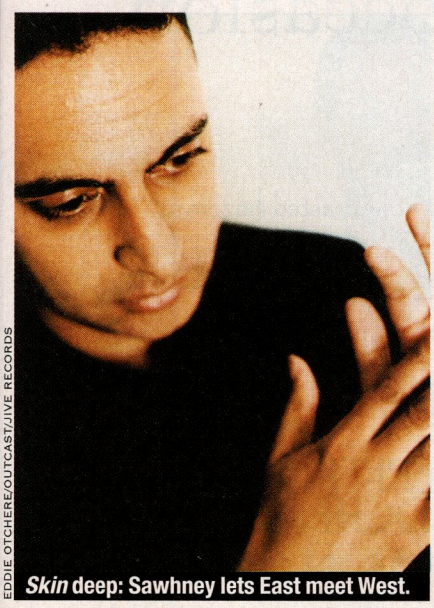
Beyond Skin

Nitin Sawhney (Outcaste/MDS)

Damned with the triple curse of being variously described as fusion, world music and a concept album, *Beyond Skin* has its work cut out for it. But if you're a fan of Portishead, Everything But the Girl or Australian cult combo Single Gun Theory, you'll find plenty of bridges to cross over into the world of this Indian-born English resident.

Using a cast of female vocalists, including the pure, girlish sound of Tina Grace and the undulating Eastern tones of Swati Natekar, Sawhney combines his trickling acoustic guitar and piano style with languid beats and more traditional Indian percussion. This global-supermarket approach is often applauded with little regard for the quality of the music, but on the whole the results on *Beyond Skin* are beguiling. Gooey moments such as "Immigrant," with its melodramatic lyrics about rivers of the mind flowing into dreams, are outweighed by the likes of "The Pilgrim," where Dream Warriors vocalist Spek delivers a rap that is both bubbly and brainy.

"I've only got one arrow but I aim for two targets," Spek says. Although some arrows stray, Sawhney hits a few bullseyes here. ($29.95, 58min) **B+**



EDDIE OTCHERE/OUTCAST/JIVE RECORDS

***Skin* deep: Sawhney lets East meet West.**

JAY BLAKESBERG

With not a Big Yellow Taxi in sight, singer-songwriter Joni Mitchell hails past masters.

Both Sides Now

Joni Mitchell (Reprise)

What is it with these iconic artists looking in the rear-view mirror and calling up their local orchestra for a bit of karaoke? First (and worst) was George Michael, then Bryan Ferry gulped his way (at least with a little style) through history's songbook. Now Joni Mitchell is getting all misty-eyed for the old masters.

Unlike Michael's bloodless hotchpotch, *Both Sides Now* has a story to it. Although the reality isn't quite so solid, it is ostensibly a trip through a love affair, from first infatuation, through early bliss, then niggling doubts, bad patches, break-up, recriminations, resignation and sweet hindsight. It may be argued (quite strongly, in fact) that we need more versions of "Stormy Weather" and "You're My Thrill" like we need, say, an updated take on "American Pie."

Still, Mitchell has never been known to worry about what people think of her career choices. Her voice is all cigarettes and heartbreak on these torch songs, and her own "A Case of You" (originally from 1972's *Blue*) fits in well—certainly better than the closing, more familiar title track.

Self-indulgent? Perhaps. Non-essential? Probably. But Mitchell doesn't disgrace herself, either. ($30.95, 52min) **B–**

Spotlight on ...

Muse

Very a-Muse-ing: Howard (left), Bellamy and Wolstenholme.

JOHN EDEN/MUSHROOM RECORDS

Matt Bellamy couldn't believe it when a guy climbed onstage before he and his British bandmates had even finished their second song. The guy was Guy Oseary, Madonna's right-hand man in the Maverick label. Oseary had heard that Bellamy's group, Muse, were in Los Angeles auditioning for another record company, so he quickly phoned them at their hotel. "We were literally leaving for home," recalls 21-year-old Bellamy. "Our suitcases were in the lobby. He paid for us to stay a couple more days and organised this showcase."

So why did Oseary interrupt the performance? He told them they were welcome to play the rest of the set for the small group of people he had brought along, but he just wanted them to know he was happy to sign them right there and then. So he did.

It was all a long way from Teignmouth, the small seaside town in Devon where Bellamy, bass player Chris Wolstenholme and drummer Dominic Howard grew up. Every one of Bellamy's friends has since moved away and "the only people I know who still live there are drug dealers—that's the only job opportunity for young people there." Or you could join a band, which is how this trio managed to stay out of trouble.

They have a disdain for Britpop as being an overly parochial movement. Muse is, says Bellamy, a global concern, but "we want people to know we're English, so they realise not everyone in England is just concerned with being cool in Camden," referring to the hip London suburb.

Muse's debut album, *Showbiz*, is released in Australia on April 10, but they have already been criticised in England for their similarity to Radiohead. How do they plead?

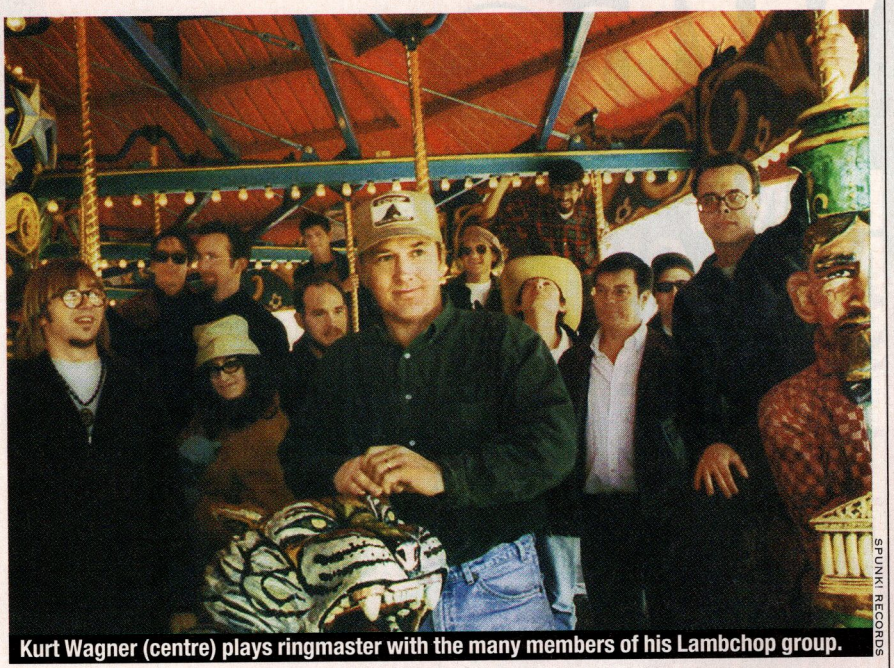
"I can understand it with the album, but I'd have problems if people said we sounded like Radiohead if they'd seen us live. We're drastically different there. Besides, we're 10 years younger than them, and the people who make those comparisons are usually over 30. I'm not speaking to them. I'm speaking to people my own age and younger." ■ B.D.

Nixon

Lambchop (Spunk!)

Kurt Wagner may come from Nashville, Tennessee, but his hat is a few pints short of 10 gallons. Here are a few of the names I jotted down while listening to *Nixon*: Barry White, George Benson, the Fifth Dimension, Glen Campbell, the Velvet Underground, Curtis Mayfield. This isn't new country. It's new weird.

There is little that's normal about Lambchop. For a start, the line-up features 13 people, who play everything from trumpet to vibraphone (one member is credited with open end wrenches and lacquer thinner can). Wagner himself walks the line between crooner and clown, his voice shifting from a dry, croaky baritone to a brittle falsetto in the space of one song. But this is no joke band. Sure, Wagner's lyrics are oblique, to put it mildly (as he points out in "The Old Gold Shoe," "Everyone's a ringer ... he's not even a very good singer"), yet there is something strangely beautiful about this music. The lush backing is offset by the off-kilter frailty of the vocals; the effect is like listening to an AM radio station that is playing golden oldies, but the radio isn't quite tuned in properly. ($25.95, 50min) **A–**



SPUNK! RECORDS

Kurt Wagner (centre) plays ringmaster with the many members of his Lambchop group.

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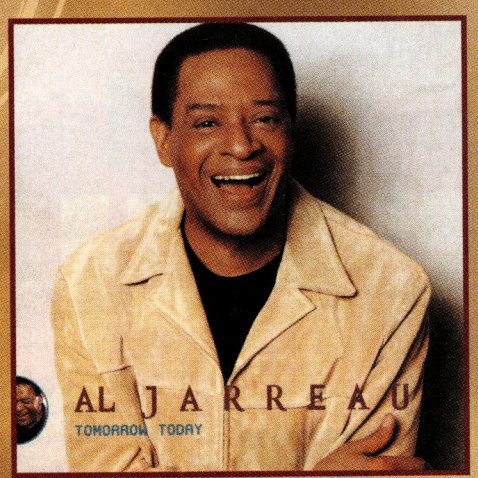

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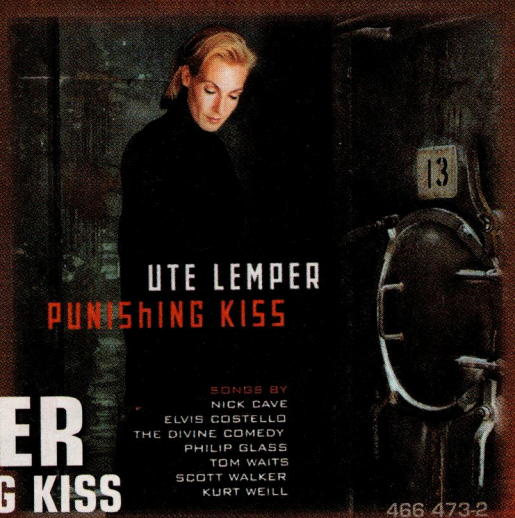

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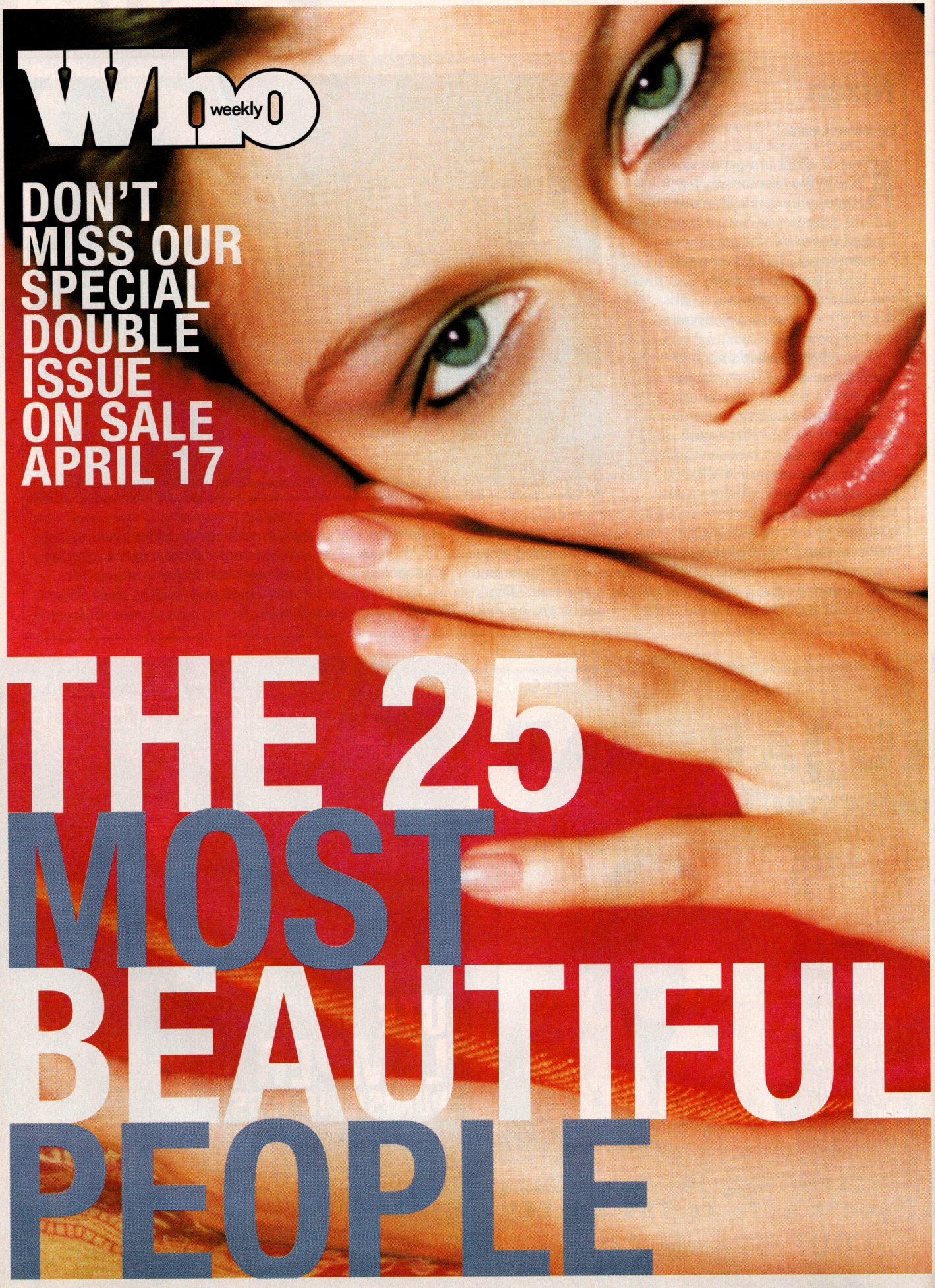
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THE 25 MOST BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

Bitter & Twisted

Area-7 (Trademark/Zomba)

Their name comes from a song by the Specials. Their skanky rhythms and honking sax are direct descendents of Madness. Their us-versus-them lyrical themes are from ... well, take your pick. The Triple J kids love this Melbourne seven-piece ska-pop ensemble, but it's a pretty shallow pool they're splashing around in.

Producer Lindsay Gravina manned the boards for the Living End's debut last year, and while that CD wasn't startlingly original, it exhibited more depth and punch than this. Sure, the knees tend to start bouncing to the brassy blasts and hup-two-three-four beats of wide-grinned tracks such as "Walk Away" and "Dodgy Mate." However, the formula wears pretty thin pretty quickly, and the vocals are hit and miss, to put it kindly, while lines such as "the government's making new laws all the time, we try to tell them being young's not a crime" are so clunky that silverchair's Daniel Johns would think twice before using them.

The closing track, "Big Ben," with its more complex lyric and a more seamless musical arrangement, hints at better things for the future, but for now this is too simplistic and derivative to get too excited about. ($29.95, 41min) **C**

ILANA ROSE/JIVE RECORDS

Basket cases: Area-7 court the ska-pop masses on their big, bouncy debut album.

Worth a listen

At Home with the Groovebox

VARIOUS ARTISTS

A groovebox—it's described as a "band in a box" synthesiser—was sent to a wishlist of artists, from electronic pioneers Jean Jacques Perrey and Gershon Kingsley to modern whizkids Beck and Air. This CD contains the wonky and wonderful results. (Grand Royal)

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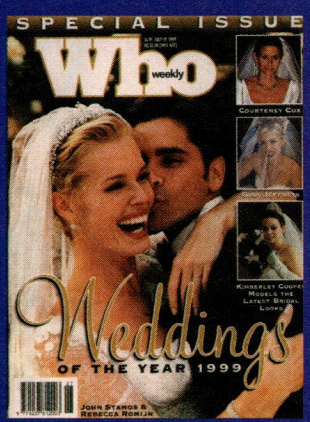

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Spotlight on...

Dana Reeve

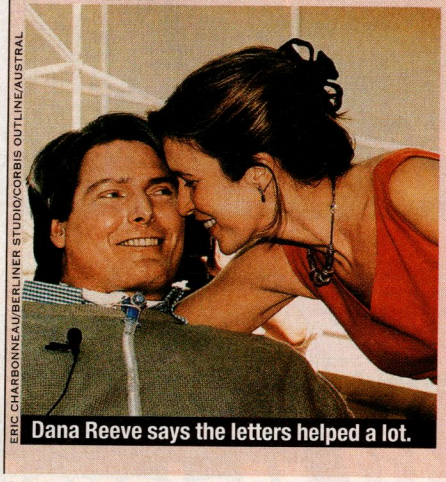
When actor Christopher Reeve, 47, became a quadriplegic after a horseriding accident in 1995, he and his wife, Dana, were deluged with mail from well-wishers. Within a month they had received about 35,000 letters; four years later the total had reached a quarter of a million. "We read them aloud to Chris," says Dana, 39, who wed the *Superman* star in 1992. "They inspired us."

In her new book, *Care Packages: Letters to Christopher Reeve from Strangers and Other Friends* (Random House, $32.95), Dana shares 200 of her favourite missives. "It popped in my mind that they would be helpful for others to read," she says. A family affair, the book is dedicated to the couple's 7-year-old son, Will. Reeve's children from a previous marriage, Alexandra, 16, and Matthew, 20, helped Dana sift through the collection, which took her two years to edit.

Many letters bear the signatures of celebrity friends, including John Travolta, David Hyde Pierce, the Clintons and Nancy Reagan. (Kate Hepburn memorably wrote, "Let me know if I can do anything. Golly, what a mess.") But some of the most poignant are from people the Reeves never met. "The children's letters make me laugh," says Dana. "One from a little boy says, 'I'm sorry, let's hope it doesn't happen again.'"

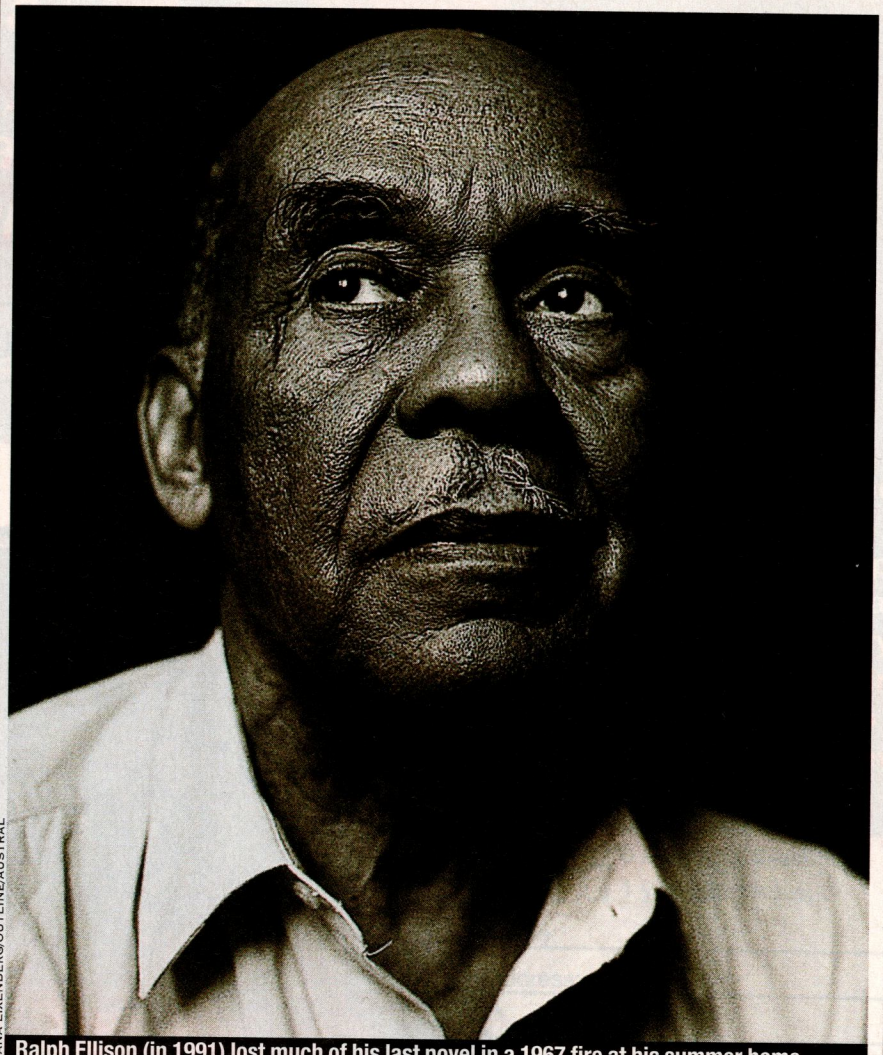
Sadly missing, however, is a note from Princess Diana, whom Reeve met in the '80s. "He'd always been a fan of her grace, kindness and beauty," Dana says. Alas, the letter disappeared while the couple were renovating their upstate New York country home to make it wheelchair-friendly.

■ ELIZABETH McNEIL



ERIC CHARBONNEAU/BERLINER STUDIO/CORBIS OUTLINE/AUSTRAL

Dana Reeve says the letters helped a lot.



DANA LIXENBERG/OUTLINE/AUSTRAL

Ralph Ellison (in 1991) lost much of his last novel in a 1967 fire at his summer home.

Juneteenth

by Ralph Ellison

When Ralph Ellison died in 1994, the acclaimed black American author left unfinished the novel he had been working on for 40 years, the successor to 1952's classic *Invisible Man*. He also left a devoted literary executor, John F. Callahan, who has painstakingly edited and assembled Ellison's manuscript.

The powerfully written *Juneteenth* (the title refers to the date in 1865 on which Union soldiers landed in Texas with the news that the US Civil War and slavery were over) begins in the 1950s, when a rabble-rousing, racist senator, Adam Sunraider, is shot on the Senate floor. Observing from the gallery is a preacher, the Rev Alonzo Hickman. When Hickman is summoned to the wounded politician's bedside, the two men begin an operatic literary duet touching on their shared personal history—Hickman raised Sunraider, who assisted the preacher on the revival circuit—as well as larger themes of race and identity, violence, truth and fraud.

Ellison wanted his book to be "on the borderline between folk poetry and religious rhetoric," and he succeeds. *Juneteenth* combines the beauty of a lyric poem with the soaring force of a sermon. (Hamish Hamilton, $35) **A**

■ FRANCINE PROSE

WNET/AP/AAP

Billy Wilder (left, with Jack Lemmon on the set of 1963's *Irma La Douce*) finally opens up.

Conversations with Wilder

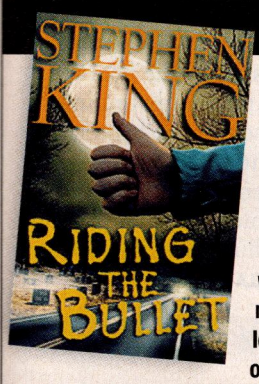
by Cameron Crowe

Hoping to do for Billy Wilder what François Truffaut did for the Master of Suspense in his 1967 *Hitchcock*, writer-director Cameron Crowe (*Jerry Maguire*) found himself interviewing a far less loquacious auteur. Still, his gentle persistence with the testy 93-year-old Austrian director of such classics as *The Apartment*, *Double Indemnity* and *Sunset Boulevard* paid off.

Though there have been several Wilder biographies in recent years, this is probably the best book about his work to date, since Crowe is able to extract so much new behind-the-scenes detail from the notoriously reticent filmmaker. True, his subject's evasiveness occasionally prompts Crowe to awkwardly switch gears or toss out silly questions. But when Wilder reminisces—on Ernst Lubitsch (for whom he scripted *Ninotchka*), Marilyn Monroe ("a continuous puzzle, without any solution"), Marlene Dietrich ("Mother Teresa with better legs") or his thwarted wish to direct *Schindler's List* as a memorial to his family, murdered at Auschwitz—he reveals the humanity beneath his much-vaunted cynicism. (Faber, $45) **B+**

■ CHARLES WINECOFF

Page-clicker of the week



Riding the Bullet

by Stephen King

The darnedest things seem to happen to King's characters. College boy Alan Parker is hitching a ride home to see his stricken mother when he winds up on the exit to uh-oh land with a guy who "was more than dead; he was crazy." *Bullet*, a novella available only as an Internet download (rabid demand logjammed many a Web site after the e-book became available on March 14), is a ghost story with a twist, which is: there is no twist. Instead, King uses good-scary (a theme-park ride called the Bullet) throughout the story as a metaphor for bad-scary (dying). As in *The Green Mile*, a decent man is forced to make an awful choice—in this case, your mommy or your life. In his first tale since he was nearly killed by a van last year, King uses the macabre to gloss the mundane: hospitals, ageing and saying goodbye. Good-scary or bad-scary? Readers may differ, but it's good to report that his storytelling craft is undiminished. (Scribner/Philtrum Press, free on Amazon.com and other Web sites) B

■ KYLE SMITH

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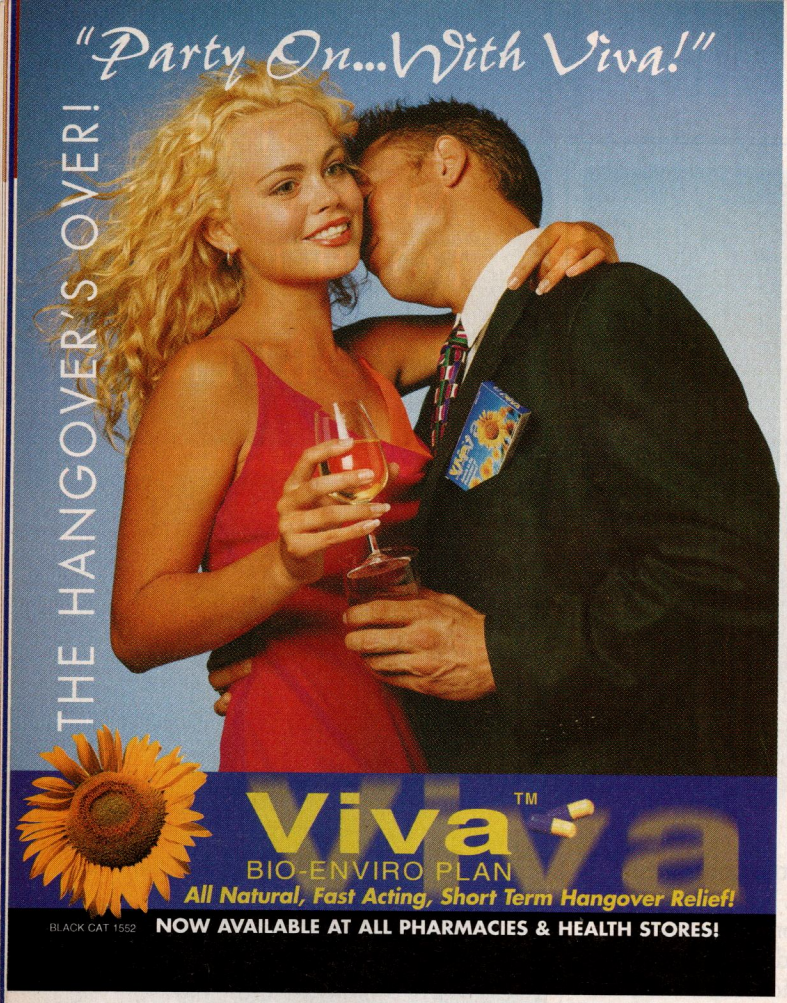

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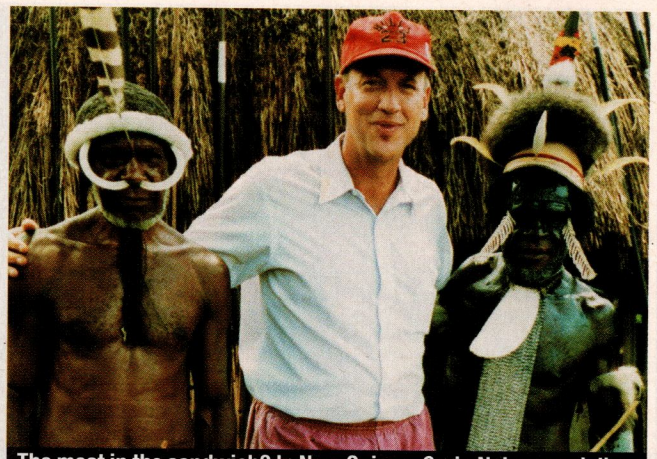


The meat in the sandwich? In New Guinea, Craig Nelson socialises with Dani tribesmen, who are not exactly adverse to cannibalism.

Let's Get Lost

by Craig Nelson

American publishing executive Nelson, a "middle-class, suburban, pudgy white person" who has never met a meal he didn't like, is the ultimate travel guide. He is no Indiana Jones, but jungles, cannibals, wild animals and the odd tour group are his territory, all the same.

Armed with enthusiasm, curiosity and a sense of humour and accompanied by his "most significant travelling companion," Brenda, Nelson traverses some of the world's most exotic countries, relishing the moment when organised travel becomes disorganised.

In China, he leaves his tour group—lured by freshly cooked noodles—and incurs the wrath of the People's Liberation Army. It takes him 30 minutes of frantic bowing, kowtowing and panto-miming to resolve the conflict. Feeling uneasy in New Guinea, a "hotbed of cannibalism," he turns to the Barbra Streisand classic "People/people who eat people" for comfort.

Not always politically correct, disclosing personal details along the way and commenting almost as much on his fellow travellers as on the destinations, Nelson's casual conversational tone camouflages a surprising amount of information. And if canoeing down the Ganges, traipsing to the heart of the Amazon or finding yourself in the lost city of Machu Picchu sounds like heaven, that's because, as Nelson says, it is. (Hodder Headline, $24.95) **B+**

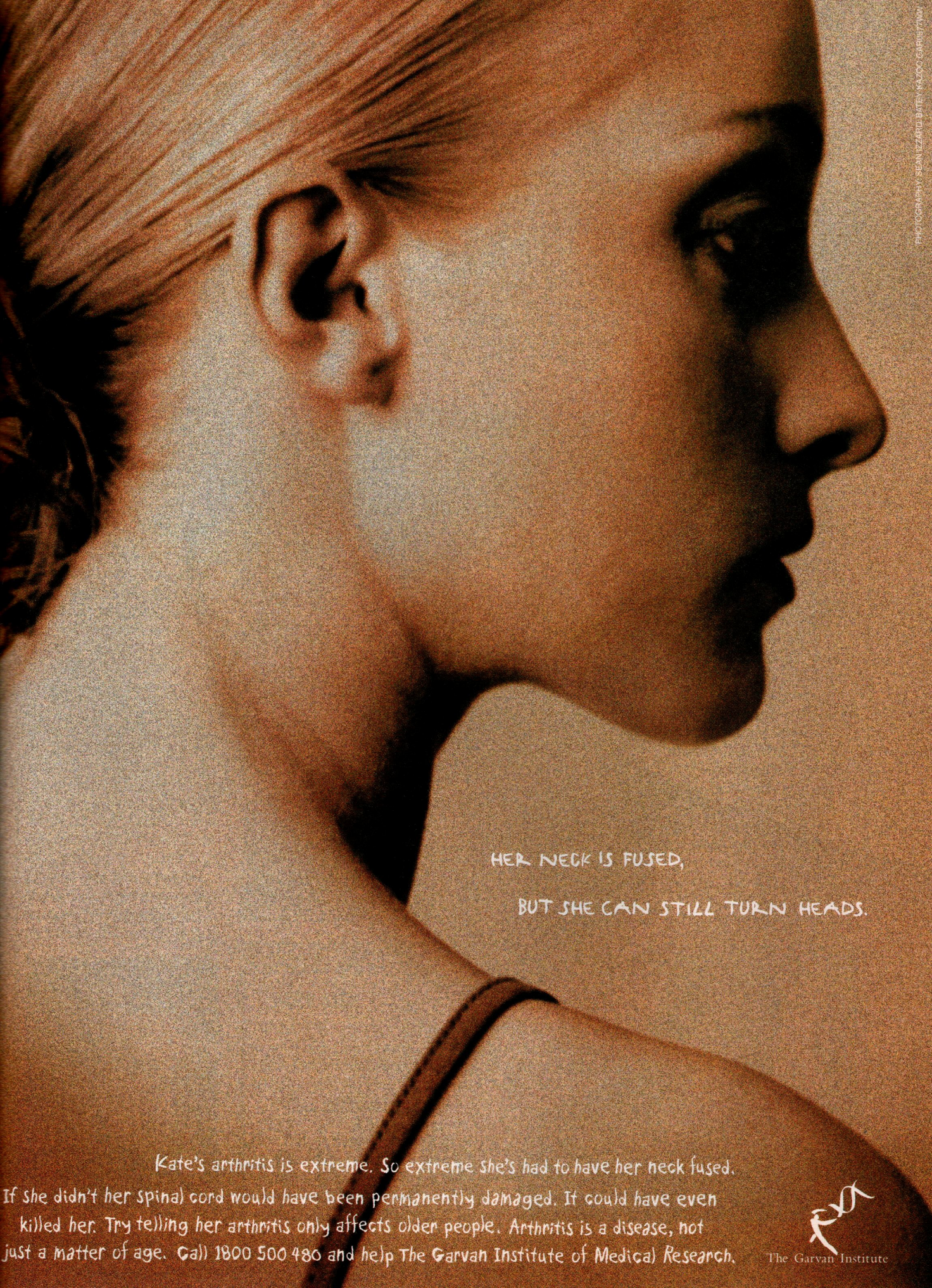
■ MICAELA DI PIRAMO

Worth a look

Linda McCartney: A Portrait

BY DANNY FIELDS

A close friend of his subject from 1966 until her death in 1998, the biographer, a former music manager, offers an insider's look at one of rock music's most enduring marriages. (Little, Brown, $39.95)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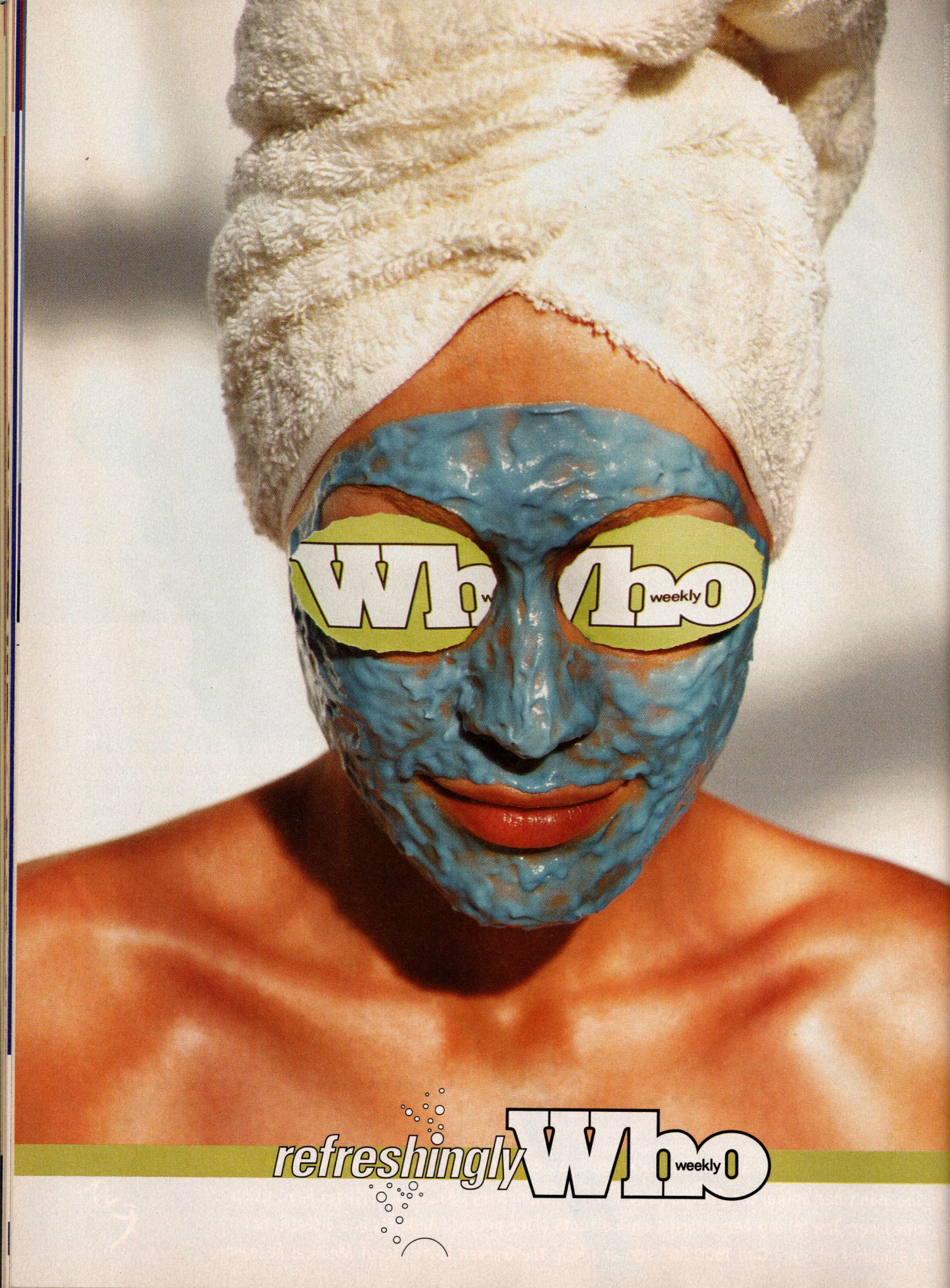
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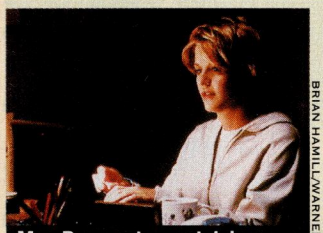


BRIAN HAMILL/WARNER BROS

Meg Ryan nets a catch in 1998's *You've Got Mail.*

Secretly smitten with someone? Two sites can find out if the feeling is mutual. Enter your dream date's e-mail address and eCrush.com or SecretAdmirer.com will ask who tickles his or her fancy. Your identity is revealed only if you match. So far the sites claim 35,000 and 10,000 successful love stories respectively.

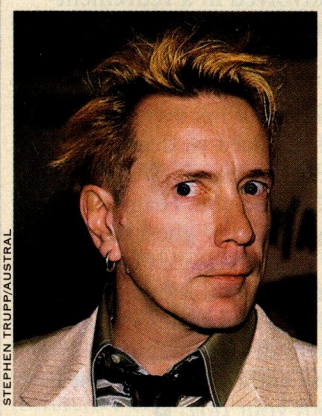
SHOOTING STAR/AUSTRAL

Click and get it

Boop scoop: according to eBay.com.au (the auction company's new Australian section with prices in $AUD), we have access to more than 1,100 Betty Boop items but only one is actually located in this country.

Cybertalk

"For 20 years our life has been rewritten—wrongly and very badly. I've told the truth constantly, but now it's on film. Somehow celluloid adds a touch of realism. Cellulite adds realism, too." Ex–Sex Pistol Johnny Rotten (below) on the goal of his upcoming doco, *The Filth and the Fury*, on Entertainment Weekly Online.



STEPHEN TRUPP/AUSTRAL

Notes on the Net: music to surf by

Aspiring musicians can find all they need on the Net: from inspiration and constructive criticism to the ultimate band name

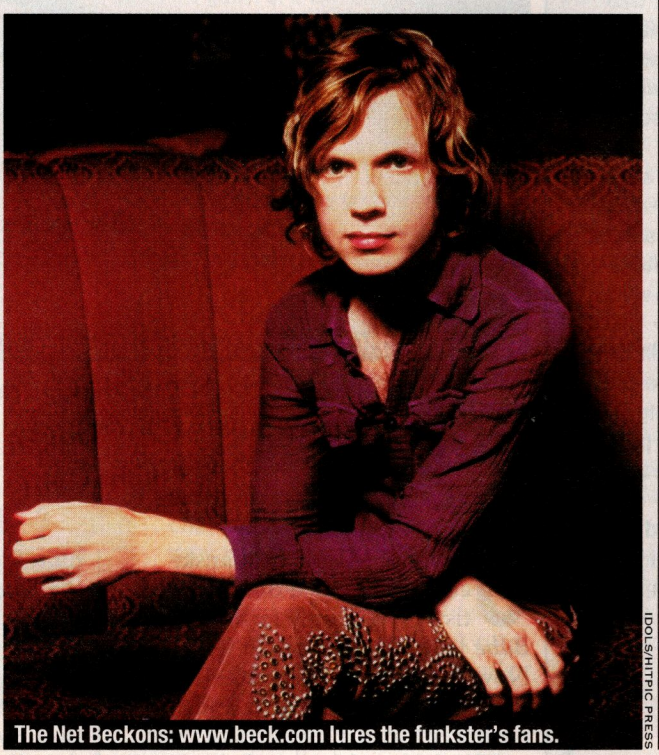
You've found a drummer. You've bought that amp. All you need is a name. To get you thinking, browse through www.heathenworld.com/bandname/ and find out how your favourite band got its name. When you've hit upon the perfect moniker for your group, look it up on the Internet Band Register (www.bandreg.com) and see how original your thinking is (Milk, Truckasaurus and Flower Sermon are already taken)—if your name's not there, pip other like-minded musos at the post by registering it there and then. So now you've got a name, all you need is an image to match!

To suss out the marketplace, log on to Your Favorite Band Sucks (smokepuppet.tripod.com) for some uncensored opinions of today's musical offerings—as well as a good dose of cutting-edge invective.

You might also want to check out the competition—www.riffage.com showcases unsigned and/or indie talent and also links big-name bands to undiscovered acts with complementary styles.

And, finally, for a little inspiration, tune into these sites. Beck's official site, www.beck.com, is as groovy as he is. It offers the lyrics to all his songs and behind-the-scenes peeks at video shoots and TV appearances, as well as displaying Beck's artistic creations. Painful Convictions, the monochromatic Nine Inch Nails site, is as soulful and meditative as Beck's is colourful and funky. Created by fan Matthew Brink, www.9inchnails.com successfully captures the essence of music's favourite tormented souls. And not quite as smooth as it could be, www.santana.com nevertheless is extremely comprehensive—and multi-lingual. Here's your chance to check out Carlos's equipment ... and philanthropic interests.

Now all you have to do is hit the right note.



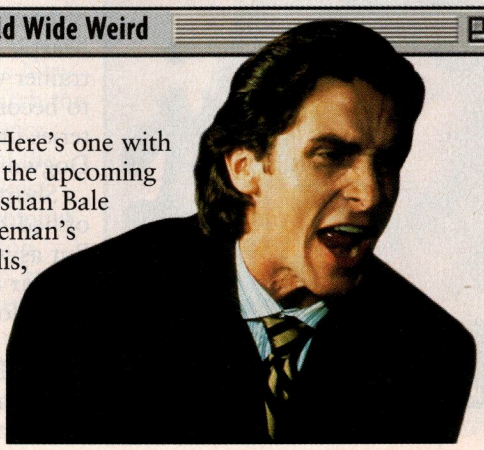
IDOLS/HITPIC PRESS

The Net Beckons: www.beck.com lures the funkster's fans.

World Wide Weird

Killer site

Want your very own Web psycho? Here's one with a studio-backed campaign linked to the upcoming film *American Psycho*, starring Christian Bale (right). Just sign up for "Patrick Bateman's e-mails" (written by Brett Easton Ellis, who wrote the novel upon which the film is based) at Web network Pseudo.com (www.pseudo.com) and Bateman—the Wall Street lady-killer—will tell you all about his new life as a homicidal Net mogul.



AUSTRAL

television

BY GERRI SUTTON

Nature Boy

ABC, Sun., April 9, 8.30 PM

Viewers who've been lulled by the familiarity of Dickens over the past few weeks are about to be shocked to their boot straps. In the wake of *Oliver Twist* comes the story of David Witton, told in a contemporary drama that snap-switches from sweetness to savagery and whips up an air of tension and foreboding.

It's a four-part, rites-of-passage piece that follows 16-year-old foster child David (Lee Ingleby) as he begins a search for the father (a ghostly Paul McGann) who dumped him more than a decade ago.

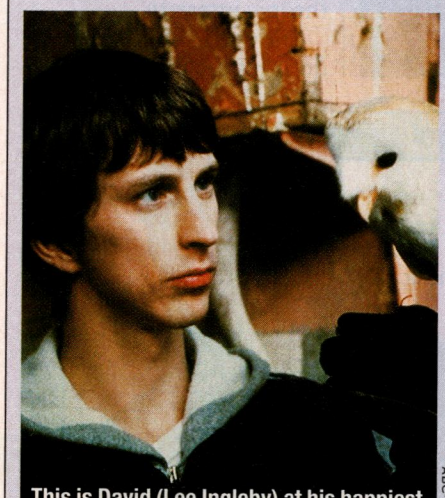
Living with a dysfunctional foster family and loathing the stepfather who keeps caged birds, David's only place of peace is a nearby nature reserve where he swims in the sea, communes with the wildlife and spends time with a recluse called Fred (Mark Benton).

These scenes of beauty are in stark contrast to the ugliness of the town, the spotty hostility of the louts in his school, and the dead-eyed sullenness of Anne-Marie (Victoria Binns), a runaway who comes to share his foster home.

As memories of his father begin to return, David becomes more interested in finding him, but it takes a shocking series of events to finally prompt him to pack his kit and take off, through three more equally depressing episodes.

Nature Boy is beautifully filmed and acted but it says something that, in this first episode, one of the most sympathetic characters is a local paedophile.

TV to cut your throat by. **B–**



This is David (Lee Ingleby) at his happiest. ABC-TV

Pet detective O'Halloran (Magda Szubanski) wonders if she's barking up the wrong tree. NINE NETWORK

Dogwoman

Ch 9, Sun., April 9, 8.30 PM

One thing Magda Szubanski can't be accused of is being elitist. As a dumpy farmwife in *Babe* I and II, she worked with a pig. Now she stars in a program (that she also developed, wrote and co-produced) with a selection of dogs.

The Szubanski-created character of Margaret O'Halloran is a Miss Marple of the mutt world, a dog trainer whose knowledge leads her to become involved in murder mysteries involving person's best friend. Dogwoman.

Short, rotund, with a red mop of bed-hair, Halifax f.p. she is not. But as with Rebecca Gibney's semi-regular role, it is planned to bring O'Halloran back in two more telemovies, and why not? Some of "Dead Dog Walking" is funny, some barking mad, but despite faltering in spots and a "yeah, sure" plot, the approach is original—and the dogs handsome.

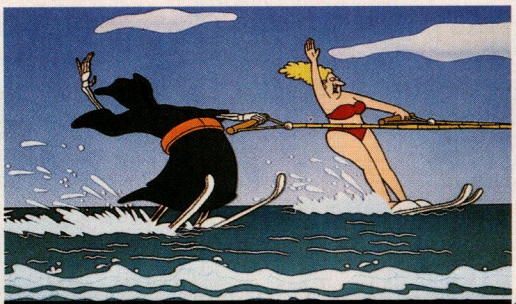
An unsubtle and unprincipled sleuth, O'Halloran lives with her uptight sister (Tara Morice), sleeps with her cartoon cut-out boyfriend (Raj Ryan) and hangs out with her dog, Kelty (Blue). In this debut, she becomes involved in a retirement-home murder in which the prime suspect is a dog called Golden (Ranger), who is found next to the bloodied body of his owner (Elaine Lee) and sentenced to death.

Anne Phelan, Sandy Winton, Anthony Simcoe and Teague Rook are among a quality guest cast, and a number of witty scenes compensate for an over-ambitious storyline that spins into embezzlement and international drug smuggling.

Faultless audio, though. Test it. Watch with your dog. **B**

Gary Larson's Tales from the Far Side II

SBS, Sat., April 8, 9.05 PM



"Having a great time, wish you were here ... Death." SBS

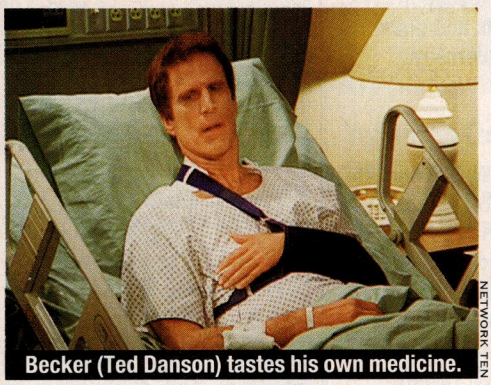
The calendar is marked "vacation," the airline ticket is nearby, the alarm rings and a figure rises from bed to prepare. A few clean, hooded robes, a carefully packed scythe, a pat for Lucky the dog skeleton—and Death Takes a Holiday.

It's typical Larson, continuing as Death arrives in Honolulu, photographs a beached whale and a shark attack, slaps on some Bone Block, browses over *Deadboy* magazine. His fellow travellers fare less well.

There are 16 of the greeting-card king's vignettes in this 45-minute buzz, and you have to wonder where it all comes from, apart from the fact that cartoonist Gary Larson clearly has a foot fetish and as a child was possibly scared by someone in spectacles. But there's method in his madness as he loosely links some fine bits of nonsense, from the inept scientist whose time machine keeps stalling in prehistoric times (catching Thag and Grog Unplugged in 5096 BC) to a marvellous mini-bit where partying amoebas are having a great time—until they disappear down the gullet of a tourist slaking his thirst in an Egyptian market.

Unexpectedly gentle is a sepia segment on the age-old war between dogs and cats, with the cats making up the 5th Michigan Siamese Division. But if you want sick (funny, but sick), wait for the killer gorillas in a zoo, the fat swamp fairies, or Ed and Vera's taxidermy store.

Really. Words are not enough. **B**



Becker (Ted Danson) tastes his own medicine. NETWORK TEN

Becker

Ch 10, Wed., April 5, 8 PM

It's switching-lives time for Becker as the prickly medico finds out what it's like to be on the other side of the stethoscope. The innocent victim of a shooting sparked by parking-spot rage, Dr John Becker (Ted Danson) winds up in hospital with a bullet wound in his shoulder and a few cracked ribs. He also has a clot on his spleen, the latter vented on trauma doctor Elizabeth Carson (Frances Fisher), whom he calls "an arrogant, opinionated control freak." She refers to him as an "arrogant pain in the ass" or "the jerk in 219."

There are also some well-worn hospital gags—the nurses chatting about daytime soaps as they roll the patient like a lump of meat, the midnight wake-up to administer sleeping tablets, the sponge-bath routine. A total humour bypass is avoided only by the presence of an NYPD cop (Troy Evans) who, under the impression that Becker is gay, reads him Mayor Giuliani's spiel about alternative lifestyles being a wonderful part of the rich tapestry that is New York. "Not only can't they catch the guy, but now Detective Dipowicz there makes me sound like I'm the Staten Island fairy," spits Becker.

All this curmudgeon is becoming a bit wearisome (and Becker too much of a humourless grump), but this is "to be continued" and next week's episode, with its hint of romance between the control freak and the jerk, is a bit more amusing.

A little bit. **C+**

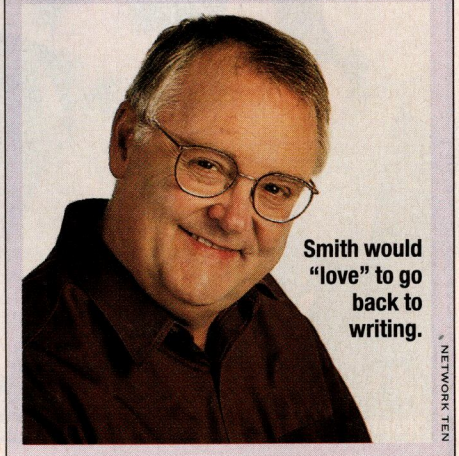
Spotlight on ...

Ian Smith

"The lovable part of Harold is based on my father," explains Ian Smith, deconstructing Ramsay Street's tuba-playing busybody, Harold Bishop, his character on *Neighbours* (Ch 10, weekdays, 6.30 PM). "The part that you'd love to kick to death is an old boss I used to work for." Which is most like 60-year-old Smith? The veteran actor groans: "Oh God, I'd slash my wrists if I thought I was like him." Smith has been playing the fuddy-duddy Harold since 1987 and admits that he is "starting to wonder whether I've done anything else"—despite an acting career that began in Melbourne 40 years ago with a National Theatre production of *Desert Song*.

Harold's 1991–96 disappearence, explained in the soap storyline as amnesia ("They sacked me," deadpans Smith), gave the avid fly fisherman a chance to return to his first love—writing. "The Walter Mitty me puts me behind a typewriter," says Smith, a former associate producer and script editor for the 1979–86 series *Prisoner*. "It's wonderful to sit down and watch actors interpret the words that you've written."

When *Prisoner* ended, Smith began writing for *Neighbours*, but halfway through his first script the producers phoned to say they needed "a friend for Madge [Anne Charleston] for five weeks." Thirteen years later, Smith—in real life married for 31 years to Gail, who works in finance—insists the *Neighbour*-hood hasn't really changed. "Fifteen years ago, it reflected the moral standards of 15 years ago. Now, it's reflecting the moral standards of today. We couldn't swap them over. Plus," he adds, "the hairdos look absolutely ridiculous." ■ JENNIE NOONAN



Smith would "love" to go back to writing. NETWORK TEN

Wednesday April 5

The Mole
Ch 7, 7.30 PM
With four contestants left in the cash race, the challenges mount in this penultimate episode. Body-piercing, head-shaving and acupuncture are on the cards.

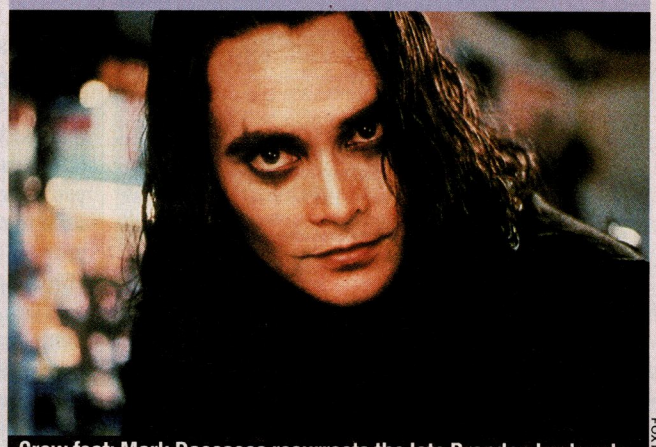
Blue Heelers
Ch 7, 8.30 PM
His persistent inquiries into Maggie's death lead PJ (Martin Sacks) to question members of a rock band.

The Cops
ABC, 9.30 PM
It's marriage meltdown for Mike (Steve Jackson).

Providence
Ch 7, 9.30 PM (Vic, SA, WA: April 12)
Surprise is on the menu when, at a dinner on the anniversary of his wife Lynda's (Concetta Tomei) death, Jim (Mike Farrell) admits a letter he wrote may have contributed to her fatal heart attack.

Felicity
Ch 7, 10.30 PM (NSW, Qld; other states later)
Felicity (Keri Russell) takes in a demanding stray dog, leashing her puppy love with David (Henri Lubatti).

PAYDIRT


FOXTEL

Crow feat: Mark Dacascos resurrects the late Brandon Lee's role.

The Crow
Fox8, Wed., April 5, 9.30 PM
In the Australian premiere of this movie-spin-off series, a brutally murdered, rising rock musician, Mark "the Crow" Draven (Mark Dacascos), endures a tortured existence between heaven and hell and must examine his own death to find the key to a less troubled "life."

Screema!
Fox Kids, Fri., April 7, 7 PM
Move over, Eddie McGuire and Sam Newman: there's a new breed of footie-show hosts on the rise. This youth-based weekly series not only has its own panel of experts and guest AFL stars, but junior players and clubs also get a guernsey.

Thursday April 6

The Simpsons
Ch 10, 7.30 PM
Bart believes he has magic powers, but lands his best friend Milhouse in hospital.

NETWORK TEN

Shannen Doherty is *Charmed* by Antonio Sabato Jr. (Tues., Ch 10)

ER
Ch 9, 8.30 PM (NSW, Qld: April 13)
Jing-Mei "Deb" Chen (Ming-Na), who as a med student almost killed a patient at County General, returns—thanks to a generous donation from her father—as a brash, overly confident intern.

Dawson's Creek
Ch 10, 8.30 PM
Dawson (James Van Der Beek) goes to Boston for a film festival, and the rest of the Creek kids tag along for a taste of university life.

Family Law
Ch 10, 9.30 PM
Randi (Dixie Carter), representing a canine client, argues that you can teach an old dog new tricks.

Friday April 7

Sabrina, the Teenage Witch
Ch 7, 7.30 PM
The magic has gone out of Sabrina (Melissa Joan Hart) and Harvey's (Nate Richert) relationship.

7th Heaven
Ch 10, 7.30 PM
Mary (Jessica Biel) treats community service as a dating service when she falls for a fellow felon.

Saturday April 8

Starstruck
Ch 9, 6.30 PM
Calling all wannabe pop stars. Jo Beth Taylor, formerly of *Australia's Funniest Home Videos*, has a new gig: host of a talent-spotting show.

Russell Gilbert Live
Ch 9, 7.30 PM
Hey Hey, it's Russell Gilbert. The comedian returns to weekly TV with his own live show.

The Bill
ABC, 8.30 PM
Sun Hill goes undercover in a women's prison to crack a drug ring.

Sunday April 9

Ballykissangel
ABC, 7.30 PM
Sean (Lorcan Cranitch) is off to Dublin on a mission: to bring Niamh (Tina Kellegher) back to BallyK.

Dharma & Greg
Ch 7, 7.30 PM (WA: April 16, 7.30 PM; SA: April 16, 8 PM)
Hoping to avoid a repeat of the previous year's family-feud Thanksgiving dinner, Dharma and Greg opt to serve meals at a senior citizens' centre.

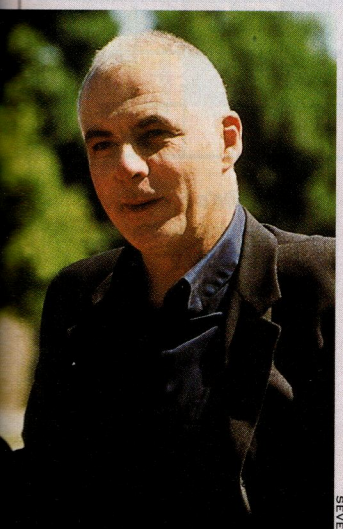
Programs are correct at the time of printing but are subject to change by TV stations

3rd Rock from the Sun
Ch 7, 8 PM (WA: April 16; not SA)
The aliens agree to be the subjects of a documentary about a typical family.

Movie: Ghosts of Mississippi
Ch 7, 8.30 PM (not SA)
Based on the true story of the 1963 murder of a black US civil-rights leader by a white assassin who got away with it until the case was re-opened 30 years later. Stars Alec Baldwin and James Woods. (1996)

Monday April 10

Friends
Ch 9, 7.30 PM
Monica's (Courteney Cox Arquette) parents visit. More *Friends* at 8.30 PM, with an *On the Inside* making-of-the-series special.


SEVEN NETWORK

re's nothing funny about Shane rne in *Blue Heelers*. (Wed., Ch 7)

Spin City
Ch 9, 8 PM
All's well that ends well? The Mayor (Barry Bostwick) falls into a well.

Ally McBeal
Ch 7, 8.30 PM
Ally (Calista Flockhart) has a dream about Cage (Peter MacNicol) and starts to believe he is the one.

SEVEN NETWORK

Still figuring it out ... Linda faces her latest challenge—nude modelling—in *The Mole*. (Wed., Ch 7)

The Practice
Ch 7, 9.30 PM
Helen Gamble (Lara Flynn Boyle) teaches her colleague Richard Bay (Jason Kravits) a thing or two about French kissin' in the USA.

Veronica's Closet
Ch 9, 10 PM
Ronny (Kirstie Alley) has the hots for a construction worker (*The Dukes of Hazzard*'s John Schneider).

Buffy
Ch 7, 10.30 PM (SA, Vic, WA: April 11, 10.40 PM)
A sparky spell ignites a surprise flame between Buffy (Sarah Michelle Gellar) and Spike (James Marsters).

The Sopranos
Ch 9, 10.30 PM
Frank Sinatra Jr guests.

Tuesday April 11

The Drew Carey Show
Ch 9, 8 PM (NSW 7.30 PM)
The goings-on in the Carey house go online.

Water Rats
Ch 9, 8.30 PM
Sykes (Brett Partridge) and Reilly (Aaron Pedersen) are hauled in to assist an ASIO operation.

Charmed
Ch 10, 8.30 PM
Bane by name, bane by nature: demon consort Bane (Antonio Sabato Jr) has a contract out on all witches.

Cold Feet
Ch 7, 9.30 PM
After redundancy strikes and David (Robert Bathurst) discovers the joys of full-time fatherhood, work loses all appeal.

Angel
Ch 7, 10.40 PM (Vic, SA, WA: April 12, 10.30 PM)
When Angel (David Boreanaz) is miscast as an underworld hero, Doyle (Glenn Quinn) takes on the role and turns in a winning performance.

REMOTE PATROL

Battle Dome
Fox 8, Mon., April 10, 8.30 PM

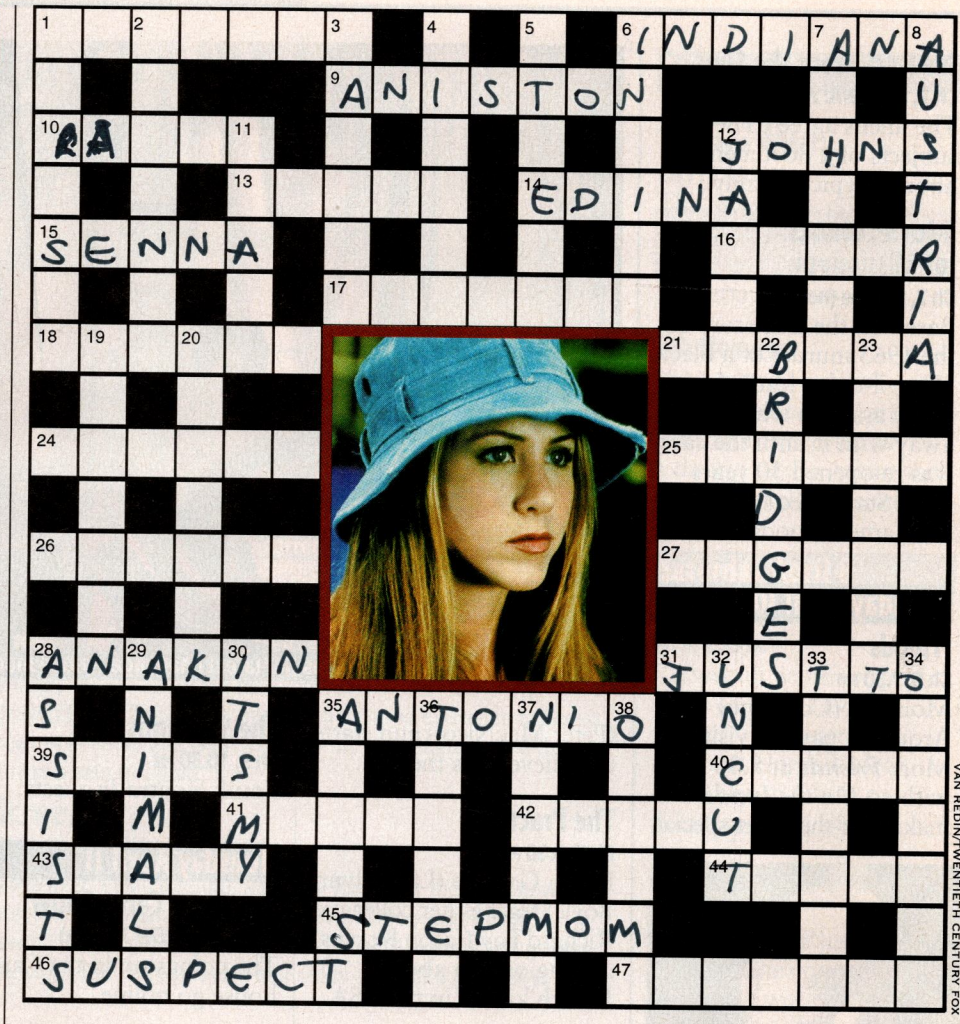
Parents of young wrestling fans will inevitably be adding *Battle Dome* to the "please-tape-while-I'm-at-school-and/or-asleep" list stuck to the fridge under a WWF or WCW magnet. Just when you've worked out one ugly mug from another (Stone Cold is the bald, rattlesnake-tattooed dude, while The Rock has the Brahma-bull artwork), you're hit with the likes of *Battle Dome*'s The Sleepwalker and Jake Fury practising the Ultimate Body Slam. And that's the bottom line, 'cos Stone Cold says so.

Puzzler

BY HARRY JAMES

ACROSS

1. *The Love Letter* actress Kate ___
2. Harrison Ford stars in ___ *Jones and the Temple of Doom*
3. *Office Space* actress Jennifer ___ (pictured)
10. *The End of the Affair* actor ___ Fiennes
12. silverchair lead singer, Daniel ___
13. Pioneer warplane designer, ___ Heinkel
14. Jennifer Saunders plays ___ Monsoon in *Absolutely Fabulous*
15. Grand Prix champion Ayrton ___
16. More certain
17. Famous mono-monikered Brazilian soccer player
18. *Cocoon: The Return* actor Don ___
21. James Blundell album *Earth* ___ (2 wds)
24. Frankie Valli hit, "My Eyes ___ You"
25. Ian ___ starred in *Waking Ned Devine*
26. Australian cyclist Stuart ___
27. Model in the Profumo scandal, Christine ___
28. Luke Skywalker's father in *The Phantom Menace*
31. Beatles hit "I'm Happy ___ Dance With You" (2 wds)
32. *The 13th Warrior* actor and former Almodóvar favourite, ___ Banderas
39. Former *NYPD Blue* actor Jimmy ___
40. Italian film producer and husband of Sophia Loren, ___ Ponti
41. Japanese techno-pop band featuring Ryuichi Sakamoto, The Yellow ___ Orchestra
42. India's first Prime Minister
43. David Bowie album ___ *Monsters*
44. Australian track athlete ___ Van Heer
45. Susan Sarandon and Julia Roberts drama
46. Helen Mirren plays Detective Chief Inspector Jane Tennison in British TV series *Prime* ___
47. Vincent Price played this villain in TV's *Batman*

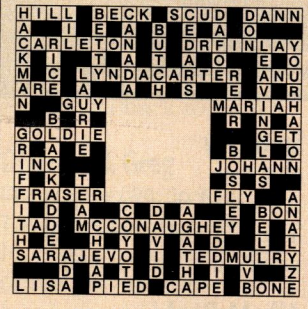


VAN REDIN/TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX

DOWN

1. Australian netball player ___ Tombs
2. *Sudden Fear* actor Jack ___
3. Classical composer Richard ___
4. English poet of "Paradise Lost," John ___
5. Old-time pianist Winifred ___
6. Joni Mitchell album *Turbulent* ___
7. Michael Douglas stars in the musical, ___ *Line* (2 wds)
8. Arnold Schwarzenegger's home country
11. *Two Hands* actor ___ Ledger
12. David ___ stars in *A Touch of Frost*
19. Ed Harris's wife, actress Amy ___
20. Danielle ___ stars in *Siam Sunset*
22. 1999's *My Favorite Martian* actor Jeff ___
23. *That Thing You Do!* actor Tom ___ Scott
29. Gives aid to
30. *Doctor Dolittle* song "Talk to the ___"
33. Lesley Gore '60s teen angst hit "___ Party" (2 wds)
34. Movie *South Park: Bigger, Longer &* ___
35. John Lennon's *Plastic* ___ (2 wds)
35. *Smilla's Feeling For Snow* director, Bille ___
36. Andie MacDowell romance *Just the* ___
37. America hit "A Horse With ___" (2 wds)
38. Tom Jones nostalgic song "Green, Green Grass ___" (2 wds)

LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION



Need help? For answers to clues, phone CrossWordSolutions™ on 1900 915 305 (calls cost 75 cents per minute; mobile and payphones extra).

For your chance to WIN a trip for two to Orlando where you will visit NASA and the Kennedy Space Centre, buy next week's edition of WHO WEEKLY and stay tuned to the X-Files on Channel TEN.

Starring Tim Robbins and Gary Sinise

MISSION TO MARS

Office of Film and Literature Classification
THIS FILM IS YET TO BE CLASSIFIED

IN CINEMAS APRIL 6 2000

missiontomars.com.au

©Touchstone Pictures

These conditions of entry relate to the X Files Mission to Mars Promotion. The promoters are Network TEN, 1 Saunders Street, Pyrmont NSW 2090 A.C.N 052 515 250. 2. By entering this competition entrants shall be deemed to agree with these conditions of entry. Entry is open to all Australian residents. Employees and their immediate families of the Promoter and their associated companies and agencies are not eligible to enter.3. Promotion commences on 26/3/2000 @ 00:01 and closes on 6/4/2000 @ 23:59. Participants enter by calling 1902 555 900 as advertised on Network TEN and WHO Weekly. 4. Participants must leave their name, address, phone number and the answer to a question to be eligible to win. The cost of the call is $0.50. Mobile phones may attract a higher rate. 5. Major prize is an economy class trip for 2 to Florida, USA including entry to the Kennedy Space Centre and a tour of NASA (conditions apply). Major prize is valued at $8,010. 6. The winner will be drawn on 7/4/2000 @ 12 noon at Level 11, 153 Walker Street, North Sydney, NSW 2060. The winner will be notified by mail and will be published in the public notice section of The Australian newspaper on 17/4/2000. VIC 00/1052 issued 15/3/00, SAT00/921, ACTTP99/3330, NSW TC00/2396, NT00/798. Please contact Network TEN for full terms and conditions.

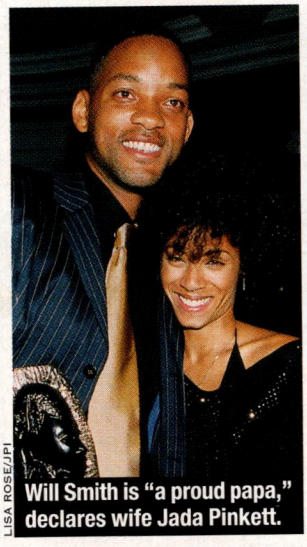
26-PAGE OSCAR SPECIAL: 7 WINNERS AT HOME
FIRST AUSTRALIAN ISSUE
InStyle
Celebrity + Lifestyle + Ber
Must-have Fashion for Autumn
David Duchovny's Secrets of Style
Celebrity Haircuts to Steal
Jennifer Aniston
Catherine Zeta-Jones
Natalie Imbruglia
Rene Russo
APRIL 2000 $4.95
101 Best Beauty Buys
Julia
at home on her ranch

ON SALE NOW

Passages

BY ALEXANDRA BOYCE & DAVID COBB CRAIG

Honorary Oscar recipient **Deborah Kerr**, 78, whose 50-odd films include *The King and I* and *An Affair to Remember*, has been suffering from Parkinson's disease for some time, a representative for the actress has confirmed ... Former world surfing champion **Nat Young**, 52, had facial surgery on March 25 to repair several fractures sustained in an altercation over surfing at Angourie Beach, NSW. Young allegedly struck **Luke Hutchinson**, 18, after



LISA ROSE/JPI

Will Smith is "a proud papa," declares wife Jada Pinkett.

Hutchinson accused him of "dropping in" on his wave. Young claims Hutchinson's father, **Michael**, 36, then assaulted him.

Actor **Will Smith**, 31, and his wife, actress **Jada Pinkett**, 28, are expecting their second child. Son **Jaden Christopher Syre** will be 2 years old in July.

On March 23 the Kentucky Supreme Court ordered that **Woody Harrelson**, 38, be tried for possession of marijuana. The actor planted four hemp seeds in 1996 to test a law forbidding possession of any part of a cannabis plant ... A Washington, DC, federal judge on March 24 ordered Iran to pay $US341 million to former hostage **Terry Anderson**, 52, as compensation for the nearly seven years of "savage and cruel" treatment he received ... After an eight-week trial in the NSW Supreme Court, the **Moran** family reached a resolution out of court on March 28. **Kristina Moran**, 34, had accused her parents-in-law, **Doug** and **Greta Moran**, of causing her husband and their estranged son, **Brendan**, 29, to commit suicide in 1995 ... An LA court has sentenced actor **Jason Priestley**, 30, to five days' jail for drink-driving. The former *Beverly Hills, 90210* star was unhurt when he crashed his car last December, but passenger **Chad Cook**, 27, broke his wrist.

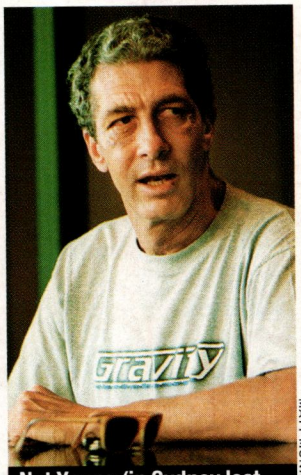
WALLACE SEAWELL/MPTV/AUSTRALIAN PICTURE LIBRARY

Kerr (in 1951) "still has all her mental faculties," says her husband, Peter Viertel.

Liz Weekes, 28, goalkeeper for the Australian water-polo team, is engaged to Olympic rower **Rob Scott**, 30. The couple have yet to name the wedding date.

West Indian cricketer **Courtney Walsh**, 37, on March 28 became the world's most successful bowler when he took his 435th Test wicket.

Dr Alex Comfort, British author of 1972's *The Joy of Sex*, died in Oxfordshire on March 26. He was 80. "Before my book, writing about sex gave the impression of being written by non-playing coaches," he once said of his book.



MATT MUNRO/NEWSPIX

Nat Young (in Sydney last week) is "traumatised," says wife Ti Deaton-Young.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

She said to ... her private secretary, 'I think the Prime Minister is trying to get off with my silver.' I said to her, 'The papers think I'm trying to get off with you'

Paul Keating, *who outraged the British press when he touched the Queen during her 1992 visit, recalls a conversation with her onboard the* Britannia

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